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CHEFS D'ŒUVRE

OF THE

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE

BY

W WALTON A SAGLIO V·CHAMPIER

GEORGE BARRIE & SON·

PUBLISHERS

PHILADELPHIA

1900

O. Guillaumet

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CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE

OF THE

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE

1900

EDITION

ON

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CARL LARSSON

BEFORE THE MIRROR

ETCHED IN THREE PLATES BY CHARLES-R. THÉVENIN

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, 1900

THE

CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE

ART AND ARCHITECTURE
BY
W. WALTON

APPLIED ART
BY
V. CHAMPIER

CENTENNIAL AND RETROSPECTIVE
BY
A. SAGLIO

VOLUME VII

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DUPON THE BELLUAIRE

NILS FORSBERG

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, KING OF SWEDEN

Invoking the assistance of Heaven, before the enemy commanded by Wallenstein, at Lutzen, November 6, 1632

PHOTOGRAVURE

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PAUL — THE RAVE OF SAINT JOHN

THE ART OF SWEDEN

In a generalizing way, the art of the Scandinavian countries is usually asserted to be characterized by a refreshing freedom from conventionalities and from the virtuosity of the more southern schools of painting and sculpture,—particularly in the paintings are we supposed to find a more frank susceptibility to the primitive impressions of Nature, a greater ingenuousness and naïveté in the rendering, untroubled by any traditions or *arrière-pensée*. A more perfect sincerity, a greater intimacy with sea and cloud and mountain-side, a more strictly individual interpretation,

"a certain rugged and savage touch which startles while it charms us," etc. The spirit of the North, in short,—as opposed to the more subtle and dissimulating Southron guile, of which we have all read. Like most generalizing in matters of art, this theory is weakened by far too many exceptions to retain much value as a contribution to history; by these very same theorizers the Swedes, to begin with, are declared to be the French of the north, to be far more cosmopolitan, and lighter in touch and imagination, than the Danes or the Norwegians; and in all three nations—and in Finland, which may also be said to be Scandinavian—the most famous artists of all are those who are peculiarly cosmopolitan, as Zorn of Sweden, and Thaulow of Norway. That which might be defined as the peculiar characteristic of these painters is a certain quality, at once atmospheric and temperamental, difficult to define, most noticeable in the landscapes, a rendering of crystalline air, of that sense of the clear gray light of a day in very early spring, with its peculiar enveloping feeling of suspense and uncertainty in the air. It is peculiarly a motif of northern climates; there is nothing like it in the Dutch or the English or the French landscapes, and it is very evident in some of the Finnish winter scenes we have noticed, in the Norwegians' paintings of their own fjords, and in such apparently homely scenes as the *In Dalecarlia* of August Hagborg in the Swedish galleries in the Grand Palais,—which is not homely at all. In these pictures we may indeed find the susceptibility, the sincerity, the closeness to great Nature, which are usually set down in the books as characterizing Scandinavian art. When the painters are *too* skilful, as in the case of Messrs. Thaulow and Zorn aforesaid, this peculiar boreal charm disappears, to be replaced by others, of color, of effects of light, of mystery, or of beauty, which have nothing to do with latitude.

Stockholm, it is said, is so much more brilliant, luxurious and frivolous than Copenhagen, that the art of the two nations naturally follows the lead of their respective capitals. For the Swedish painters, this may seem to be sometimes a most favorable endowment, as in the case of

Carl Larsson, or an enfeebling and unfortunate one, as with Alfred Wahlberg. The name of the latter had long been one of the best known abroad of all those of his countrymen; at the present day, when the demand is all for sincerity and depth of conviction in landscape painting, that of this artist is found to be somewhat too superficial, elegant, and exclusively intelligent, to betray merely close observation and skilful rendering, rather than any evidence of penetration by the poetry or the intimate sentiment of the scene. Moreover, though he ranges from the shores of the Baltic to the coasts of Brittany and the summer splendor of Italy, it is asserted that his native landscapes, with which he may naturally be supposed to be more closely in touch, are much better executed than his scenes painted abroad. His *paysage intime* is a trifle too sophisticated and diluted. But his choice of themes, a certain sense of style and composition, a very just expression of values and tones,—even in the most difficult of painting problems, as in his moonlights, of which a very distinguished example appears in the Exposition,—are universally recognized. At the Paris Salons and Expositions he has received third, second, and first class medals, and the grade of Officer of the Legion of Honor, and at the present Exposition, the gold medal; of his three or four pictures here shown, his moonlight, over a little river fringed with graceful trees and glimmering houses, and his marine, are much more impressive than his park-like sunset view on the grassy banks of the Oise, near Auvers, in which a curious effect is presented in the centre of the composition by the glowing ball of the declining luminary burning its way through the fringe of trees. In the case of this painter, perhaps, as we have said, the peculiarly Swedish style, and citified manner of looking at things, have overpowered the Scandinavian simplicity and directness; with Larsson, they have given the native qualities a vastly wider field by informing and polishing them. With a talent as diversified as his technical processes, this painter contrives to quite escape the charge of want of seriousness which might be levelled at him, because of the

freshness of his charm, his unfailing geniality. It would be but pedantic and absurd to demand intenseness and a deep moral purpose (of which there are probably already too much in the art of the day) of so good an imaginative and decorative painter. At the Exposition, where he has received a gold medal, his exhibit is much less interesting than some which he has made on previous occasions, and presents what might be termed the lighter aspect, only, of an art which is in no case hag-ridden.

He began, appropriately, as an illustrator and caricaturist; etched and carved; painted water-color landscapes in France and in the neighborhood of Stockholm and Delarne; interiors, portraits of his feminine pupils and of his family, with very original, semi-decorative arrangements, nearly always in a high, clear key of color, and with innumerable surprising tricks and devices, whimsical framing, accents of striped stockings, black-nosed pug dogs, etc., etc.; old bards chanting, *The Sinner's Transit to Hell*, etc., etc. His most brilliant work, however, has been probably his purely imaginative and decorative compositions, as the three large allegorical panels, setting forth the Renaissance, the Eighteenth Century, and the Modern in art, destined for the gallery of M. Fürstenberg, at Gottenburg, and exhibited at the Exposition Universelle of 1889; or, the somewhat less exuberant series of wall-paintings for the staircase of the girls' school in Göteborg, presenting the life of Swedish women in different ages. Of his three or four pictures in the present Exposition, all of them rendered in the clearest and blondest of possible tones, the most excellent is the pretty studio idyl, *Before the Mirror*, in which an entirely new interest and grace are given to one of the most commonplace painters' themes—the nude model in the atelier. More studies of whites on white are found in the snowy bed-chamber of the *Convalescent*,—one long black braid of hair serpentining over her shoulder for an accent, and in the *Jour de Fête*, with its three mummers in white invading another white and shining bedroom. The two latter and larger canvases are more

ALFRED WAHLBERG

MOONLIGHT

PHOTOGRAVURE

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peculiarly mere painting problems than works characteristic of the painter's distinguishing originality.

Of the three gold medals awarded the Swedish painters in the Exposition, the third has been given to Nils Forsberg, pupil of Bonnat, and who had already received a first-class medal in 1888, for his large canvas representing the prayer of Gustavus Adolphus, at the head of his army, before the fatal battle of Lutzen. On the occasion of the recent visit of King Oscar II to the Exposition, he paused in contemplation long before this record of his illustrious predecessor on the throne of Sweden; but it may be doubted whether he found here the national note, other than in the subject matter. The painter is a very good example of the high standard of technical skill inculcated in the Parisian ateliers, but he has no peculiar inspiration, Swedish or French, and his works are difficult to distinguish from those of so many other expert technicians. At the Exposition of 1889, for example, he was represented by a typical Parisian painting, a scene from the Franco-German war, *La Fin d'un Héros*, in which a group of French officers, in an improvised hospital in a church, uncover their heads before the death-bed of a soldier. In the present, more important, canvas, it would seem that the traditions of the atelier had interfered very seriously with the artistic rendering of the scene; the painter has been much more concerned with the variety and balancing of his long composition than with any adequate presentation of the flame of zeal and abasement before the Lord of Hosts which enveloped these God-fearing Lutherans at such an awful moment. While the king lifts his sword by the blade reverently toward Heaven, invoking its protection in the coming battle, his captains flourish theirs, as if cheering, and others, at the left, pay no attention whatever to these divine services, but glance anxiously over the plain, as if at the advancing enemy. The general tone and quality of the painting, the drawing and setting down of men and horses, the disposition of the composition and the character of the heads, however, reveal a painter exceedingly well grounded in his trade.

August Hagborg, *Hors Concours* as a member of the Exposition jury, resident in Paris, is also somewhat denationalized by his French training and his studies in the maritime provinces of France, but in the best of his canvases the Northern flavor reappears almost at its best. His fisher-folk, male and female, are apt to be too conventionalized to be interesting, to be inspired by a thin vein of sentiment, and the Parisian critics occasionally complain of his painting as somewhat dry and hard. Nevertheless, for twenty years, at least, he has enjoyed an international reputation, and is represented in the Luxembourg collection, though his picture is not now on exhibition on the walls. The particular painters' problem which most interests him seems to be the rendering of the varying effects of light, as affecting colors and tones, both in interiors and in out-door scenes; and one of his most successful studies in this respect is the *En Dalécarlie* in the Grand Palais, the long, low Swedish house, with its grassy stretch of open ground in the spring-time, and the comfortably furred proprietor walking meditatively away. Also interesting is his view of an interior in the same province, and somewhat less so, his coast scene, with a rising tide. Very similar in many respects is the talent of Hugo Salmson, not represented in the Exposition, though at least two of his pictures have been bought by the Luxembourg,—the *Arrest*, in a village street in Picardy (1879), being the first Swedish picture purchased by the French museum, it is said. There is now to be seen in these galleries a Swedish peasant scene, *A la Barrière de Dalby*, from the Salon of 1884. This artist's lack of individuality may be indicated by his career,—he began by painting a species of ornamental historical pictures, under his first master, Charles Comte; then he produced a life-size *Odalisque, à la* Benjamin-Constant, followed by a *Rehearsal of Tartuffe*, inspired by Meissonier. All these Academicians were forsaken as soon as the open-air pictures of Bastien Le Page began to attract attention; and he has also manifested a disposition to adopt a much moderated and popularized Manet style. In this brief record is exemplified the career of but

too many of these Northern painters, who, however, have not failed to, very frequently, reap the reward which in this world generally attends skilful trimmers.

The Grand Prix of the Exposition has been awarded to the painter Anders Zorn, like so many of these famous artists the son of a peasant, and who, if we may take the word of the painters themselves, ranks next to John Sargent as the greatest technician in their art. As a painter more peculiarly of the intense moment, rather than of any sustained and more ennobling motif, the Swedish artist is of less value than the American, but his marvellous quickness of observation and sureness of touch frequently attain to something very like the rendering of the psychologic moment, as in his well-known

etching of Renan, one of his masterpieces. In his portraits in oil, the disappointed sitter sometimes feels that his own individuality—which may be supposed to be the important matter for the moment—has been obliged to give way to that of the painter, and that a brilliant exhibition of technical skill has replaced that careful and humble searching for human quality which he was led to hope for. In his rendering of coast scenes, with the rippling water glancing among the rocks or around the boats and piers of a watering place, frequently with nude bathers on the rocks, Zorn has excelled; these astonishing paintings, usually suffused in warm sunshine, present the nude bodies, the shifting water, the landscape accessories, with that greater truthfulness to nature which replaces mere servile copying by a preliminary analysis and a subsequent new construction with the painter's imperfect means. But he has sought his subjects, and his sitters, from Constantinople to Saint Louis; born in 1860, he found himself at the age of fifteen in the school of the fine arts in the Academy of Stockholm, at the period when the students were beginning to divide between the influence of Paris and that of Rome, and he was not long in deciding for himself in favor of the former and more modern tendency. His success in the French capital was prompt: at the formation of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, immediately after the close of the Exposition Universelle of 1889, he was one of the first foreign members elected, was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and the Luxembourg acquired his *Flirt sur le Quai de Stockholm*. At present, he is represented in that museum by his twilight scene of a fishing village, painted at Saint Ives in 1888. In addition to his paintings, in oil and water-color, and his etchings, he is credited with at least two very noticeable pieces of sculpture, this being the art to which he proposed in his early youth to devote himself,—a wonderfully careful little bust carved in wood, the much wrinkled head of his grandmother in her peasant's cap, and a very spirited little bronze group of a faun embracing a robust nymph. This last is shown at the Exposition, though not

CARL LARSSON

A FÊTE DAY

PHOTOGRAVURE

catalogued; of his three canvases, one is a dignified portrait of that handsome old gentleman, Oscar II, another is a large study of a woman of the people holding her baby, and the third, an open-air dance of villagers on the night of the 24th of June, in his native town of Mora, on the shores of Lake Siljan.

One of the best of the Swedish landscape painters is the Crown Prince Eugene, whose work will be remembered by visitors to the foreign picture galleries of the Chicago Exhibition, and who is represented here by three very good canvases, a *Summer Night*, a cloud effect, and an old château with a red roof,—all presented very simply and directly, with due regard for the "values," and rewarded by the silver medal of the Exposition. Another of these medals has been awarded to one of the first colorists in this school, after Zorn, Oscar Björck,—his *Cowshed*, spotted with sunshine, of a few years ago being worthy even of that master. In Paris to-day he is represented by three portraits, one of them of Prince Eugene, seated, in profile, and painting at arm's length. This picture is the property of the National Museum of Stockholm. Bruno Liljefors is also comparatively well known abroad by his pictures of wild animals, presented in their native haunts, this artist living a secluded life in a remote village in Uppland, in the northern part of Sweden, where his furred and feathered models are almost his only companions. His painting is quite without affectations, very serious and knowing,—his greatest variations in the direction of the more decorative or imaginative may be exemplified by his long canvas here, hung at the right of the entrance on the line, and representing a flock of wild geese alighting in an orange sunset on a very lonely strand, where awaits them another flock of these winged wanderers. A curious air of remoteness from all human things characterizes this picture,—the more interesting on that account than his other exhibits. With his name as an animalist is sometimes associated that of Georg Arsenius, also here represented, but who frequently finds his subjects in the Paris races and in the annals of "sport." Occasionally

he seeks other themes, as in the picture here of a peaceable white horse at pasture, in the early morning. Axel Sjoberg, one of the most notable of the landscape painters, frequently introduces animal life into his compositions, as in the interesting *Oiseaux d'Islande*, in a red light, here. This painter has received a silver medal.

In these landscape painters, the to-be-expected national ruggedness and simplicity frequently appear in a rudeness and hardness of technical rendering which does not always seem necessary, but which is much less of a stumbling-block to your modern observer than it is to the more conservative elder one. The question of "finish" in oil painting is still one of the burning ones, and its solution is very largely a matter of temperament, and possibly of range of vision; the popular opinion, at least, rather prefers the suppression of too obvious technical processes,—the arguments in favor of this suppression being the un-necessity of increasing the already too great difficulties in obtaining the necessary illusion from the pigments, and the fact that the masters seem able to obtain equal effects of atmosphere and luminousness without unduly obtruding their brush-work. Some of the paintings the most admired in these galleries, as those of Herman Norrman and Elias Erdtman,—both of them having received Mentions Honorables,—are characterized by this lack of "envelope" and indifference as to overloading of pigment, the long procession of billowy clouds over the mountains in Norrman's *Effet de Nuage*, for example, a very strong work, being filled with horizontal brush strokes which, in any gallery of the usual construction, catch the light on their upper surfaces and throw consequent little dark shadows underneath them. For the rendering of masses of vapor, this method seems scarcely logical, though the claim made for it is, naturally, the securing of a greater vibration of light. The number of somewhat more conventional, but equally excellent, landscape painters in this contemporary landscape school is much too great to be given in this brief record; only a few of them appear in the Exposition, but the selection is probably a fairly

representative one. The discriminating Exposition jury has awarded bronze medals (which may be taken as indications of expert opinion) to Gustaf Abbert, the Count Nils I. J. Barck, Gustaf Adolf Fjaestad, Otto Hesselbom, and Nils Kreuger; among the figure and portrait painters, to Georg Pauli and to his wife, Madame Hanna Pauli, *née* Hirsch. The lady is a pupil of the Academy of Fine Arts of Stockholm, and of Dagnan-Bouveret, and received a bronze medal in 1889; her two portraits, nevertheless, seem to be somewhat less interesting than the one by her husband. The latter exhibits also a very clever charcoal drawing of a moonrise; his *Saint John's Eve*, pretty and ingenious, has the air of being inspired by Larsson. This painter, nevertheless, has a very considerable range of his own; he began by painting "little Italian landscapes with a fine, natural lyricism of feeling, sea and bridge pictures with gas lamps, spring evenings when the setting sun casts a red light into the room, or bright moonlit nights when the air seems transformed into chill light. In

some of his expressive pictures of sick-rooms there was an echo of H. von Habermann, and in one of his later works, *The Norns*, he followed, like the latter, a monumental and allegorical tendency in the manner of Agache."

Ten sculptors are represented in this national section of the Grand Palais,—not counting Zorn, whose little bronze group was probably considered somewhat too passionate among these more decorous marbles. The gold medal has been awarded to Christian Eriksson, whose best works are his statuettes and reliefs, in bronze, plaster, and silver. His bronze bust of a Breton woman is very life-like in character, and forms a portion of the collection of sculpture of the National Museum at Stockholm. Somewhat less interesting is his marble bust, *Kajsa*. This sculptor, who lives in Stockholm, studied his art under Falguière and Hasselberg. The silver medal has been awarded to A. C. V. Milles, resident of Paris, and pupil of Injalbert and Rolard; his exhibits are two in number,—a group, *Hagar and Ishmael*, and a nude statue of a young girl. Another good sculptural work is a pathetic, crouching nude figure, *Poverty*, by Sven August Adolf Jonsson, and a third is the statuette of Eve by Carl Johan Eldh. This latter sculptor, who has received an Honorable Mention, exhibits also a nude statue of a young girl, which he calls *Innocence*. But the most original and spirited of all these works is a very exciting little bronze by a lady—strange to say—of a desperately runaway team, the wheels striking stumps, the traces snapping, Despair, Clamor, and Panic attending. This talented artist, Madame Marta Améen, lives in Stockholm, though she was born in Vienna, and she had for masters three eminent painters, Courtois, Dagnan-Bouveret, and Rixens.

The Swedish painters have been too much in the current of worldly affairs, ever since the eighteenth century, to have avoided being carried away by the prevalent European movements in art which have succeeded each other. Under the ancien régime, they were of importance in France; more than one became a member of the French Academy, and bore the

AUGUST HAGBORG

IN DALECARLIA

PHOTOGRAVURE

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title *Peintre du Roi.* The sculptors were rather more successful in following the Classic movement than the painters; Romanticism broke many of these bonds, with these artists as with others, and a new life was infused into both figures and landscapes, history, mythology, and genre. Muther, in his history of Swedish painting, amuses himself by finding counterparts among these Northern artists for most of the leading French and German painters of the last century:—the Swedish Nazarene was Karl Plageman; Nils Johan Blommér is to Plageman as Schwind was to Overbeck; the Swedish Lessing was Karl Johan Fahlcrantz; Gustav Wilhelm Palm was, in his later years, called Palma Vecchio, and may be compared with the French Michallon, or with Paul Flandrin; the Swedish Fromentin was Egron Lundgren; Olof Soedermark painted battle pictures, much as did Peter Hess and Albrecht Adam in Munich; Per Wickenberg paralleled, more or less closely, Hermann Kauffmann and Bürkel; the Swedish Steffeck was Karl Wahlbom; the Swedish Piloty, Johan Kristoffer Boklund; Georg von Rosen introduced to his countrymen the "archaic finesse" of Baron Leys; Julius Kronberg represented Makart; Carl Gustav Hellquist painted genre pictures, with monks like those of Grützner, and peasants like those of Defregger; Nils Forsberg became the Swedish Bonnat; Marcus Larsson represented Eduard Hildebrandt, as Wahlberg does Lier; Salmson, Hagborg, and Wilhelm van Gegerfelt are "Parisian Swedes," and the youngest of the Swedish painters follow René Billotte. Needless to say, these imitations are not always very close; but they at least serve to demonstrate the exceeding versatility of this national art.

A very important factor in this art, even at the present day, is the "home-sloyd" of the cottages, the carving and the weaving carried on in the long winter evenings in the peasants' dwellings, and officially encouraged by such institutions as the *Handarbetets vänner* (The Friends of Manual Labor). In this work, the colors and patterns of the "old Swedish" style are still preserved; the master of the house, when the

daylight work is done, sloyds his own furniture, the mother weaves the tapestry for the walls and the covers for the fixed benches, which the eldest son ornaments with carvings, in the same designs as those employed by the old Vikings a thousand years ago, by Ragnar Lodbrok and Frithiof the Strong.

THE ART OF NORWAY

As in Norway nature is more rude than in Sweden and Denmark, more sombre and harsh and inhospitable (in spite of the tempering influence of the fjords and the Gulf Stream), so does the nature of the people become affected by these qualities of their environment, and their art take on a like character. But, as the stony soil will yield a harvest if rightly treated, the rough surface of the inhabitants, the travellers tell us, covers an honesty and a sincerity that need but to be appealed to

to manifest themselves. If Stockholm is the Athens of the North, Christiania is the Sparta, it has been said; the national character has strength, but not suppleness or adaptability, the native painters have not the gift of assimilation. Consequently, though they are obliged to go abroad to study, there being no regular art schools at home, they do not take on foreign manners; they soon return home to continue their careers, and paint with an apparent sincerity, a desire to express the truth and nothing else, that, it is sometimes asserted, gives their canvases the air of having been all produced by one brush. The greater number of these painters prosecute their studies in Copenhagen, or in Germany, at Munich, Carlsruhe, Düsseldorf, and Dresden, a few in Italy and France. Very rarely do they go to Stockholm. A few cosmopolitans, like Frits Thaulow and Hans Heyerdahl, accommodate themselves abroad,—though both these painters appear in the Exposition catalogues as residents of Christiania; a few of the elder men, as Hans Gude, who is now a professor in the School of Fine Arts in Berlin, and Otto Sinding, swayed by various tendencies at different periods, are not characteristic of the national sentiment. The intimate and constant communion with nature, the impression of solitude, and generally of great stillness, of an immense, mysterious, not always friendly, Spirit pervading earth and sky,—these seem to be the Norwegian painter's qualities, which he communicates to his landscapes and frequently to his figure pieces. He is also at times inspired by the powerful, very modern, literature of his country, and by the ancient sagas, the folklore, much of which has come down from the very early epoch when the three northern countries spoke but one language. His professional career at home, long rendered very difficult by the general poverty, and indifference to art, has of late years become smoother owing to an awakening interest among a small class to the manifestations of general culture. Two artistic colonies have recently been formed in the neighborhood of Christiania, in two localities enjoying very great natural advantages both in summer and in winter, Stabaeck and Holmenkollen.

EILIF PETERSSEN

TOWARD THE SEA

PHOTOGRAVURE

The State has, for a number of years, been in the habit of granting stipends to promising students, which enable them to prosecute their studies abroad, and the greater number of the Norwegian painters who have attained distinction have benefited by this wise liberality. But, returned home, they have had but little prospect of receiving commissions or further encouragement from the government; the art unions of Christiania, Bergen, and a few other cities, private institutions with but limited means, have been their main reliance. The more illustrious, Tidemand, Gude, Hans Dahl, Fridthjof Smith-Hald, Skredsvig, Sinding, Thaulow, and others, have found patrons abroad, on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Scandinavian museums generally are limited in their sphere of activity by the greater stress of the struggle for existence, though some of them are more important centres than others. The prudence of the directors and the penury of the budget of the institutions serve to restrain the activity of them all, even as in the case of that of Stockholm, where the general manager, Upmark, is a man of wide views and excellent judgment. Gothembourg, or Gottenburg, which is the Havre of Sweden, and the richest city in the nation, being the residence of a number of wealthy patrons of the arts and letters, is endowed with a museum which bids fair to become the most important in all these northern countries. That of Christiania, the administration of which is in the hands of the artists themselves, and therefore liberal and enlightened, is hampered by poverty. In Copenhagen, neither the most representative works of the native artists nor worthy examples of foreign art are to be found in the museum; in that of Helsingfors, though the intentions are of the best, the art impulse is not as yet very important or influential, and the pecuniary resources are very inadequate.

In Norway, times have changed, or men's point of view, since H. H. Boyesen wrote, less than ten years ago: "Norwegian art is, generally speaking, German art applied to, and modified by, Norwegian

ERIK WERENSKJOLD PORTRAIT OF DR HOLTEN (1890)

environment. The subjects are Norse, but the manner of treatment is German. . . . We have a Norwegian school of music, forsooth, and a distinctly national one; why should we not also have a national school of painting? It is difficult to answer that query. But the fact remains that, as yet, we have none." As we have seen, the critics and the chroniclers are now generally agreed that there is to be discerned among these painters an individual and unusual interpretation of Nature which may very well be accepted as constituting a distinct school. But Boyesen found abundant reason for the many disappointments attending the career of the "peasant genius" who is sent abroad to perfect himself in his art, with the confident belief that he will return the founder of a national school. "He (as well as the sculptor of the same name) is of peasant birth, and without any other guidance than the promptings of his own genius, he began a primitive practice of his art. Such men, 'sons of the mountain,' or of the valley, as the case may be, naturally arouse great enthusiasm and extravagant expectations. Having risen from the people itself, they are supposed to contain a mysterious fund of the national vigor and virtue, and it is confidently predicted that

they will smash all musty traditions, and become the founders of a new national art. They are certainly not to be blamed for failing to accomplish this impossibility." With their narrow experience, their imperfect intellectual culture, they are much more apt to find themselves awkward and embarrassed in the company of their more brilliant associates in Paris or Munich, and to sit humbly at the feet of their French or German master, anxious only to acquire something of his knowledge and skill. It is interesting to find this writer displaying a certain scepticism about "the people," which is sufficiently rare nowadays; he declares that the time is past, in Scandinavia at least, when "the people" were credited with an innocence, a simplicity, and a poetic susceptibility, that put the cultured classes to shame. "Meyerheim painted in this spirit, in Germany, at the same time that Auerbach, in his *Black Forest Village Tales*, demonstrated that, amid the decay of virtue in civilized conditions, the peasant remained not only Nature's nobleman, but also her philosopher. But, somehow, this is now regarded as an exploded theory; and, though many German painters yet persevere in the old romantic strain, unconscious of its anachronism, and reap popular applause, the Norwegian critics resent it as an imaginative mendacity, and as a flagrant violation of the verisimilitude, from which no artist has a right to emancipate himself."

But if Norwegian art is no longer merely applied German, it certainly was so in the beginning. And this beginning is very recent, dating from the early years of the nineteenth century only. The first name of importance is that of Johann Christian Clausen Dahl, who, in the twenties, began by painting the native scenery with a simplicity and directness, quite untaught, that were soon to disappear. After him and his two or three followers, appeared the first figure painters, Adolf Tidemand and Gude, who went to Düsseldorf in 1837 and 1841. Following them came a multitude of their fellow countrymen, who, with the Swedes, during the fifties, "set to translating Knaus and Vautier into Swedish and

Norwegian, and caught the tone of their originals so exactly that they seem almost more Düsseldorfian than the Düsseldorfers themselves." Dahl, born in 1788, the son of a husbandman and fisherman, went to the Copenhagen Academy at the age of twenty, and, after various goings astray in search of the classic and the academical, and in spite of many technical and temperamental deficiencies in himself, found his true place as the first representative of Norwegian landscape painting. In 1819, he became a professor in Dresden, but remained very tolerably firm in his new faith notwithstanding, from 1820 to 1830; and in this mission to deliver the Germans from the fetters of Classicism and the aberrations of the Romanticists, he was greatly aided by the Danes, issuing from the Academy of Copenhagen, then under the direction of Eckersberg. At the present day, to our eyes, his pictures seem sufficiently mannered, but they were then accused by the German painters of "the wildest naturalism." Tidemand and Gude went over to the school on the Rhine, instead of following the path indicated by him, largely because at home there was no national evolution in art, with the exception of some expression of the national temperament and imagination in silver filigree work, wood-carving, and church architecture,—much like the Swedish "home-sloyd." Tidemand, who died in 1876, began by following the Düsseldorf masters, Schadow and Hildebrand; then he strayed back to national themes, rendered somewhat in the manner of Kaulbach, with "a tempered and gilded realism," "the sweet conventionalities of the domestic idyl," which, however, were so much appreciated at home that Björnstjerne Björnson wrote one of his novels, *The Bridal March*, as text to three of the painter's canvases. Gude still survives; but he has become quite Germanized, and his methods are antiquated.

Of the names that became celebrated during this Düsseldorfian captivity, but very few are now remembered, and none is represented at the Paris Exposition. One of the most widely known is that of Hans Dahl, who painted scenes of peasant life with a very considerable ingenuity and

NIELS GUSTAV WENZEL

FUNERAL OF A SAILOR IN THE COUNTRY IN NORWAY

PHOTOGRAVURE

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science of composition, but with a determined cheerfulness and idealizing of his types that are now considered superficial and mendacious. Nils, or Nicolai, Arbo undertook to render the great themes of the old sagas, the Northern mythology; and Knud Bergslien, the legends and exploits of the Vikings; but both of them with very inferior technical knowledge. Toward the end of the sixties, the Scandinavian painters began to lose faith in the Düsseldorf methods; when Gude went to Carlsruhe, some of them followed him there, but the greater number repaired to Munich, where Piloty, Lindenschmit, and Diez were the great masters, where Makart, Lenbach, and Defregger were commencing their careers. The decisive dates in the history of Swedish painting are given as approximately those of the great Paris Expositions,—in 1856, it was under the rule of Düsseldorf; in 1867, it was disposed to follow Couture and Piloty; in 1878, it began to yield to the influence of Manet and Bastien Le Page. The Norwegians were much of the same mind; the latest tendencies, which they carry with them when they return home at the close of their foreign studies, are those which the determined champions of Impressionism—such as M. Julien Leclercq—claim as peculiarly those of that very loosely defined school. "Within the last few generations, the Scandinavians have followed the example of the true masters of our own country, and have sought liberty. The inspiring current of Impressionism,—taken in its widest meaning,—which has regenerated our own painting, has revivified theirs. And it is owing to this liberating movement that their talents have become personal and national. After a past of servitude, was it not necessary that they should be free, in order to succeed in this so natural effort to nationalize their art?"

So important, so all-pervading, are the external aspects of Nature in these extreme northern countries, that it is difficult to separate arbitrarily the figure painters from the landscapists,—the former are compelled, also, to submit to the influence of the great visual effects of their country, of the exceedingly clear, cold light, the snow, the luminous twilights, the icy

streams. Even in an interior, this Arctic landscape asserts itself, even when seen through the window or the open door. Of these painters who thus peculiarly identify themselves with the race and the soil, there are several whose names are the most familiar in foreign ears, Christian Skredsvig, Christian Krohg, Niels Gustav Wenzel, Eyolf Soot, Sven Jörgensen, Gerhard Munthe, Erik Werenskjold, and a few others. Of the best painter of them all, Thaulow, his French admirers now say truly, "—*devenu vraiment trop peu norvégien.*" Skredsvig, not represented in the Exposition, though he is in the Luxembourg by a Corsican landscape and is Hors Concours at the Salons, renders a somewhat softer, grayer and more idealizing atmosphere,—great Nature is not so icy, nor so blinding, and sometimes—as in his midsummer night scenes on the fathomless blue mountain lakes—exceedingly beautiful. He is best known by his large canvas exhibited some years ago, in Paris and elsewhere, *The Son of Man*, in which the Saviour appears in a Norwegian village, in the Sunday garb of an artisan, advancing through a little group of villagers and peasants, His little round hat in His hand, while in the foreground the cottagers spread pieces of carpet for Him to walk on, and set out their potted flowers. It was difficult to believe, before this canvas, which thus out-Uhdes Uhde, in the pious sincerity of the painter.

Much the most able of those painters of this school who have deluded themselves with the belief that they could paint "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," is Christian Krohg, though his latest works, as the five canvases in the Exposition, display a more tempered (and therefore, very frequently, a more truthful) realism than his earlier, uncompromising ones, in which he fell into the usual error of these men of talents, of seeing *only* the sordid and the ugly. To them, the ugly is a more essential part of life than the beautiful,—this may very possibly be true, but it certainly is not the only part, and to men sworn to record things as they are, without fear or favor, this is quite as flagrant an error to fall into as that of the idealists who insist upon

EYOLF SOOT

THE GREETING

PHOTOGRAVURE

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be-prettying everything. But Krohg is too good an artist to carry out his own theories, even in his earlier paintings,—in one of his most celebrated, now in the National Gallery at Christiania, *The Struggle for Existence*, he has undertaken to display, without any regard for the susceptibilities of his audience, the distressful spectacle of a crowd of the poor, women and children, thronging around the door of a charitable institution in a wintry street, and struggling for the bread doled out to them. He has given this distressing sight with enough truth, but he has so presented and arranged it that our distress is greatly tempered by admiration of his technical excellence, by our interest in the selection and grouping of types, in the painting of the icy thoroughfare, in the skilful introduction of the solitary policeman in the distance. This is very different from the truth as we should see it if actually before this starving group, and uninfluenced by any of these æsthetic considerations. Wenzel also was carried away by the Parisian "realism"; he began by painting scenes from the life of the poor, with so heavy a hand and such violent and impossible chromatic effects, that he excited the disapprobation of his own countrymen when he first exhibited them in Christiania. To-day, this emancipation from academic bonds appears in such much truer naturalism as his *Funeral of a Sailor*, in the Exposition, excessively white and cold and sharply defined, as things are in these northern winters, and yet unmistakably a good painting. The same qualities, of atmosphere and envelope, appear in the interior by Eyolf Soot, the only work by which he is represented here, the somewhat stiff and formal greeting in the doorway of the household, with its glimpse of great Winter outside; but this artist depicts also the mellower seasons, the ploughed lands of the springtime and the brief greenery of summer. Jörgensen modifies sometimes with a touch of humor, as in his two pictures in these galleries, his usual series of presentations of the dreary life of the poor, in labor or in enforced idleness, in cold, bare rooms, with vacant faces and tired eyes.

The good landscape painters are so numerous that one of the most distinguished of them all, Munthe, who is counted as one of the leaders in the artistic movement because of his qualities as a colorist, as having a greater knowledge of values than any other, and a most intimate sympathy with nature, is now known only, abroad at least, as a most fantastic and original decorator, illustrating the old sagas and fairy tales. The mildness and blandishment of spring were his favorite themes,—"one sees in his pictures only soft, green meadows, gleaming tenderly in a pale light of noon, great cherry trees white with blossoms, hanging beeches, and green fences—so green that they seem to have been painted with the damp air itself. Here and there, a still, silver-gray pool twinkles between the trees, or a log house painted with deep red emerges brightly." Nothing of all this appears in the thirteen pictures which he exhibits in the Grand Palais, but, instead, those very amusing and individual works—"somewhat geometrical," as has been most truly said of them—to which he owes his international reputation. These depict—in a fashion scarcely to be described, and which must be seen to be admired—the Northern legends, sometimes transported across seas, as with King Sigurd Jorsalfar crusading (when "the Scotchman left his vermin; the Dane, his drinking party; the Norwegian, his raw fish," according to William of Malmesbury); or at home, as the son of King Eric, of the "Bloody Axe"; scenes from the *Snorre Sturleson*, the sagas of the Norwegian monarchs; or simple antique idyls as, "*She sang while dancing and danced while singing before the king her lover.*" These truly national productions are rendered in water-color or in distemper. Werenskjold also is haunted by these old myths, which still retain so strong a hold upon the superstitious peasantry; he is even said—and not only by those commentators who criticise his somewhat hard and precise design and his cold color in painting—to find his true vocation in illustrating the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen, of Christian Asbjörnsen, and Jorgen Moe. These he pictures with a very skilful combination of the real

and the mythical, or, rather, by a very artistic infusion of the imaginative into the familiar,—much as does the Danish artist Hans Tegner, in very similar illustrations. Possibly even more truly inspired with the sentiment of these tales is the Norwegian Kittelsen, truly national in his imaginative drawings, naïve and melancholy, but a very indifferent painter.

Werenskjold is, however, much better known abroad by his portraits and his landscapes in oil, two of the former appearing in the Exposition.

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AMALIE SKRAM'S AMONG THE ROCKS

The influences of his studies in Germany long remained with him; he was a pupil of Lindenschmit in Munich, and a comrade of Max Liebermann; but he is thought to have made very serious efforts in later life to shake off the dryness and meagreness of his drawing and color, as in his portrait of Ibsen, in these galleries. Another of his portraits of his illustrious countrymen, of Björnson, is equally celebrated, and an equally forceful presentation of a strong individuality,—somewhat too forceful, it has been thought, as presenting that, undeniably characteristic, side of

the writer, to the exclusion of his more genial and sympathetic aspect. But, to render these opposing traits with equal vigor in one presentation is somewhat difficult. The many-sided individuality of Ibsen may be inferred from two other, differing, portraits shown in these galleries, one by Nils Gude, and one by Heyerdahl. Werenskjold exhibits also a portrait of his fellow artist, Miss Kitty L. Kielland, sister to the author of that name, who is here represented, herself, by three good landscapes. Heyerdahl is counted as one of the few cosmopolitans, because of the wide range of his talent, which embraces in its field pretty much all the motifs known to painters—genre, landscape, portrait, allegory, legend, and the nude, renderings of the latter being very rare among these Scandinavians. The underlying racial traits manifest themselves in him also, however,—that directness, and apparent literalness and apparent simplicity, which are so very effective when presented with great technical skill. He will pose his sitter, or his model (always carefully selected), in the very foremost foreground of his canvas, so as to give him or her the appearance of being at arm's length and no more, and render the quality of the face, the costume, the color, the directly staring eyes, with a vividness of presentation that is somewhat startling. This courage, and knowledge, applied to things both seen and unseen, have entitled him to the high rank which he holds, at home and abroad (he received the gold medal of the Exposition of 1889), and may be partly the result of the exceptional advantages he has enjoyed. At the age of twenty he had already acquired a reputation in Paris; in Florence, where he prosecuted assiduously his professional studies, he was an associate of Böcklin, and sought earnestly to acquire the spirit and the technique of the old Florentine masters. His family is of Swedish origin, which fact, it has been suggested, may have something to do with his facility of assimilation and creation.

Eilif Peterssen, pupil of Lindenschmit, has also ranged through wide fields, from Munich to the old Venetians, but his best work,

FRITS THAULOW

WINTER NIGHT IN NORWAY

PHOTOGRAVURE

imaginative and sympathetic, has been done in his landscapes, two of which may be seen in the Exposition,—his portraits, carefully observed and with a strong sentiment of the personality of the sitter, being somewhat heavy in technical handling, and manifesting a disposition to turn black. One of the most characteristic is that of the poet Arne Garborg, in the National Gallery of Christiania. His *Vers la Mer*, in the Grand Palais, is an excellent example of that painting of Nature so literally that something of her soul is imprisoned in the rendering as well as her purely material aspect. More of it may be seen in the pictures of Amaldus Nielsen, who is declared by Muther to be "the real autochthonous Norwegian landscape painter," and who, also, possesses that curious faculty of discovering interest and mystery in the obscure corners of the earth, which but too many of his fellow men see only with the eyes of boors. More of it still (for these are the best of these good painters), of this "penetrating verity," in the Norwegian landscapes of Halfdan Strom; and this artist renders also, on a large canvas, *A Young Mother*, "with great justness and a freshness of tone, and inspired by a sentiment of love and of sincerity quite different from the painting of a similar subject by M. Zorn in an adjoining gallery," says M. Marguillier. As for Thaulow, of international fame, it is of but little consequence that his work is not peculiarly national, since it has revealed so many hitherto unknown, or merely suspected, marvels to men's eyes; in his painting of the declining light of winter days, of the hoar-frost, "scattered like ashes," he has given a new meaning to the "Ice and Snow, Praise Ye the Lord!" which the Church chants unthinkingly. This is one of the artist's missions, to make us newly aware of the beauty and mystery of this outer world, which, we are told, is but the porch to the greater one beyond,—and thereby render us a little more spiritually minded. Thaulow finds this extraordinary charm of color and tone not only in the winter afternoons and nights of the North, but also in more temperate climes and in the close of summer days. Among the painters of genre, the most

distinguished is Jacob Bratland, of Bergen, and the unusual grace and vivacity in his pictures are said to be owing to the place of his nativity,—the people of Bergen having the reputation of being lively, expansive, and warm-blooded, like Southerners. This is also the natal city of Edvard Grieg, the musician, called "the most glorious" of all Norway's children, and who revealed to the world so much of the poetry of the frozen North.

DANISH ELITE SOCIETY — THREE WOMEN

THE ART OF DENMARK

Notwithstanding the levelling influences of good technique—which generally means good Parisian technique—in painting, certain distinguishing traits may still be found in the pictorial art of any European country; but the disturbing influences are so numerous, and the number of exceptions among the most brilliant painters is so great, that these generalizings are not of much scientific exactness. "The art of Denmark," says one writer on the Exposition, "will serve us as a connecting link between that of Holland and that of the other Scandinavian nations. Having the advantage of a strong and austere tradition, which is wanting for the latter,

it displays, like the former, a delightful sentiment of intimacy, that love of the *home* which is so obviously the atmosphere pervading the charming Danish pavilion in the Rue des Nations, the chambers of which, so calm, of so elegant a simplicity, remind us of the well-lighted dwellings which the Solness of Ibsen longed to build, and suggest to us such peaceful happiness." "Ruder in Norway," says another, "more equably balanced in Sweden and in Finland, but lyric in quality in all these three countries, art in Denmark, like nature and the daily life, becomes entirely different. Nature there is flat, without accidents, gray, well enveloped, cultivated and trimmed almost everywhere; life there is bourgeois. The Dane, like his Scandinavian brethren, remains a dreamer; but his field of observation closes him in more, is more within his range, regulates and governs him less. It might even be said, in order to make this more clear, in a vaguely religious figure of speech, that the nature of his country appertains more to him, less to God; his daily life is more confined within the boundaries of his own domesticity. Thus, art in Denmark is characterized by great intimacy, with a sensitive observation of the surrounding objects and an attentive application to the work of the hand. It is always calm, sincere, not given to strong effects, sometimes very pure or very delicate; it will have nothing to do with coquetry. It may readily be conceived that, with ideas like these, it should appear to be somewhat monotonous in its entirety, and might readily become wearisome in the case of artists of insufficient talents." "Denmark is a new Holland," says a third commentator, "should any one be pleased to call it so, only it is Holland with a purer atmosphere and a clearer sky, Holland less rich in soil and less luxuriant; it is a country more thinly populated, and one where the inhabitants are more dreamy. In accordance with this likeness in the character of nature, the transition from the one school to the other is almost imperceptible in art. As painters of interiors and landscape, the Danes join issue with the Dutch by the touching delicacy of feeling with which they paint the likeness of their beautiful country, its domestic life,

R. CHRISTIANSEN

THE BANQUET

Caricature

PHOTOGRAVURE

Mel. Danmark dit Fjæld
Tunge Tider Landet bød
Alle maa staa Vagt
SANG
KONGEN

its woodlands and its lakes. And, successful as they have been in acquiring technique in Paris, they, too, avoid making experiments in *plein air* and in the last results of Impressionism. They are almost fonder than the Dutch of swathing themselves in soft dusk and floating haze. Indeed, what distinguishes them from the latter is that they have less phlegm and more nervous vibration, a softer taste for elegiac sadness, that tender breath of dreamy melancholy which is in the old Danish ballads. What they have to express seems almost Dutch, but it is whispered less distinctly and with more of mystery, with that dim, approximative, hazarded utterance, which betrays that it is Danish."

The "strong and austere tradition," which gives this national school such an advantage over those of the sister Scandinavian nations, dates back only to the commencement of the nineteenth century, to Eckersberg in painting, and to Thorvaldsen in sculpture. Before them, the art that existed, and of which traces may still be found, beneath the plaster, in decorative paintings on the walls of old Gothic churches, was without any peculiar national character. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, under Christian IV, a new impulse appeared; that monarch called into the country Dutch and German artists and gave them commissions, and sent Danish artists abroad to study. Christian V, like so many other sovereigns, felt the influence of Louis Quatorze, and sought to introduce the pompous art of the French court into his own by artists imitating Le Brun and Coustou; under Frederik V, in 1754, an Academy of Fine Arts was founded at the Castle of Charlottenborg, and organized according to the French model by the sculptor Saly, from Valenciennes. Danish artists were placed at the head of this institution, but its traditions remained French or German, of the Classic period. The most distinguished of these directors was the painter Abildgaard, a learned academician, who sought his inspiration in the masters of the Italian Renaissance, and especially Michael Angelo, but whose works and whose teachings were received with indifference by his countrymen. The birth

of a distinctively national influence was delayed till Eckersberg appeared,—though he had been a pupil of David from 1810 to 1813, and for the next three years was in Rome, where his countryman, Thorvaldsen, was at that time supreme. But he never became a Classic, even in the pictures with academic titles which he painted before his return home in 1816; notwithstanding the defects of his technique, his methods were those of an unimaginative, thoroughly conscientious naturalist, in conception and execution, and he is accordingly so honored to-day. Like so many of his pupils, he was endowed with a certain sense of design and intelligence in composition, probably derived from his academic training, of a kind that to modern eyes seems somewhat stiff and old-fashioned, but which certainly displays artistic talent and a sense of style and of the dignity of his art. The modern devices, of atmosphere, of "envelope," of low tones and melting outlines, were quite unknown to him.

In most of the works of his numerous pupils and disciples, the same qualities, good and bad, reappear. Bendz, Köbke, Lundbye, Skovgaard, Rump, Kyhn, Roed, Sonne, Dalsgaard, Exner, Vermehren, Rörbye, Küchler, and Eddelien, are all names of painters who found their themes in simple and familiar subjects, neglected in other countries since the days of the old Dutch painters, in domestic genre, landscapes, and animals. This development of a strictly national art, the representation of popular life in Denmark, was greatly aided by the teachings of Höyen in his art biographies and essays, one of the three or four writers who are claimed to have had more influence over Danish art than any one painter,—the others being Hans Christian Andersen, the critic Georg Brandes, and the romancist Jacobsen. This seed fell upon good soil, as may be seen in many of these paintings preserved in the Copenhagen Gallery,—the painters have been reproached (most unjustly) with a lack of imagination, and the modern technician laments their thin and hard facture; but in the works of the best of them, as of Vermehren, Dalsgaard, and Exner, a most honest and sincere sympathy with the humble life around them,

that truly high form of imagination which enables the artist to seize the spirit, the inwardness, of the momentary group in front of him, are expressed with a happy skill of design, of composition, of lighting, that renders these pictures of humble genre, so little known outside the limits of the small kingdom, worthy of comparison with the best of any school. Not even their brittle and most untrue color can destroy the charm of such pictures as Exner's *Little Convalescent*, propped up in her pillows, picking out with childish grace and weakness the field flowers from the little paper cornucopia just brought her by the beaming old peasant woman watching her, her hands on her knees, or Vermehren's simple old *Shepherd on the Heath, Jutland*, standing barefooted and ragged, knitting socks with a vacant eye,—a figure worthy of Albrecht Dürer.

JOHAN ROHDE — THE PIER AT SKAGEN, HOLLAND

Not only is the drawing, the anatomical setting-up of the figure, excellent in the work of these painters, but the mental quality of each, the spirit and meaning of the group, are given with a sort of completeness and sympathy that is all the more remarkable as it is quite without any of the German sentimentality and self-consciousness, the little artificial touches meant to appeal to a not too quick-witted public. Never was a popular and anecdotic art less trivial and less "literary."

Much of it also appears, though more occasionally, in the pictures of those artists who were attracted to Italy, largely through the influence of Thorvaldsen, and who thus became involved in a divided allegiance. Chief among them was Vilhelm Marstrand, who died in 1873, and who is classed in some of the histories as the greatest genius among all the Danish painters. His range was very wide, with the same keen talent for characterization he rendered Italian peasants, domestic life in Copenhagen, amusing scenes from the plays of the Danish classic, Holmberg, pathetic incidents from Danish history, illustrations from *Don Quixote*, and Biblical themes. Others of these painters, as Meyer and Küchler, having once fallen captive to the charms of Italy, were unable to break away from them,—the latter even became a monk there. Constantin Hansen left his Neapolitan peasants and Roman ruins to paint the frescoes of the vestibule of the University of Copenhagen with scenes from the Northern mythology, following in this the example of the sculptors. Of all the artists who have found their inspiration in these eminently appropriate themes, the most successful is Lorenz Frölich, born in 1820, but still living, and represented at the present Exposition,—his graceful and lively style frequently lending a perhaps not too-appropriate new breath of life to these ancient legends and myths. In his more realistic work, as his landscapes, he is much more conventional and timid. There was also a military painter, Simonsen, who went to Africa to paint the desert. But the inevitable reaction against the general tendency to follow the great French painters to Italy and to the Orient led to a revival of national

MME. ANNA ANCHER

OLD PEOPLE FEEDING RABBITS

PHOTOGRAVURE

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feeling and national exclusiveness, greatly aided by the preachings of Höyen, and by the revolutionary movements between 1845 and 1850, and later by the disastrous war with Germany in 1864, which cost the nation the southern duchies. Of their ancient historical glories nothing was left to this people but their traditions; these traditions they resolved to cherish, and no longer to seek abroad alien themes and inspirations, while, at the same time, accepting the technical instruction brought back from the Paris ateliers. It is this final period of the national art, in which the inspiration that developed the talents of the older men is now interpreted by much more competent professional methods, that we are at present permitted to admire.

The leading representative of the group that preferred to remain cosmopolitan, at the risk of losing the stamp of individuality, was Carl Bloch, who died in 1890, and who, with many defects of judgment and taste, treated his Biblical, classic, and historical subjects with an unusual technical brilliancy. Another, apparently less ambitious, but whose career affords even stronger seeming confirmation of the truth of Höyen's warnings, is Lauritz Tuxen, pupil of Bonnat, court painter, etc., whose professional skill does not serve to give him artistic distinction. Another of Bonnat's élèves, Peter S. Kröyer, enjoys an international reputation largely on the strength of his important portrait groups, but his color is somewhat dull, and his observation serious and intelligent rather than artistically inspired. Other men with Paris training, more or less denationalized thereby, are Henningsen, Rosenstand, a pupil of Marstrand, Carl Locher, who paints marines, Sorensen, and the illustrator Hansen. Of these, Locher is the only one who appears in the Paris Exposition. A very serious and genuine talent, so serious that it frequently becomes a trifle uncouth, is that of Christian Zahrtmann, pupil of the Copenhagen Academy, under Marstrand and Vermehren, who has devoted himself of late years to a series of paintings—one of them is in the Exposition—illustrating the twenty years' captivity of Eleonora Christina, daughter of

Christian IV, and the wife of Uhlfeldt, as related by herself in her *Lamentable Recollections*,—now a Danish classic. In this species of fervor of conviction, Zahrtmann is thought to mark the transition to the last and specially modern phase of the national art. Three years younger is August Jerndorff, equally impressive in his portraits and in his landscapes; of the same generation are Otto Haslund, Carl Thomsen, and Axel Helsted,—the first represented in these galleries by portraits, and the other two by figure pieces.

The brilliant modern skill in the painter's processes appears in the pictures—interiors, fishermen, peasants, etc.—of Michael Ancher and his wife, Madame Anna Ancher, who live in the little fishing hamlet of Skagen, on the northernmost point of Denmark, where the lady was born,—a locality well known to the painters. Madame Ancher's skill is particularly remarkable, her sunny picture representing an effect of light in a blue chamber, and another of an elderly couple superintending the noonday meal of their rabbit family, are among the most brilliant pieces of painting in all these galleries. Viggo Johansen, represented here by seven or eight canvases, has also found at Skagen material for some of his most successful pictures; of his interiors, many, as the one here of an evening in his own household, breathe that true domestic charm, affectionate, cultivated, and simple, which so largely constitutes the inspiration of this people. He is also one of the most sympathetic of the landscape painters,—a quality which he shares with Julius Paulsen, who, although only thirty, has been known for a number of years in Paris and to the art lovers who go to Paris. In portraits, in landscapes, and in figures, he betrays always a certain individuality which serves to distinguish him from the multitude of other good painters,—he is even one of the very few Danes who venture to paint the nude. Visitors to the Chicago Exhibition of 1893 will probably remember his group of three half-draped female models waiting around a stove, painted with great directness, and one of his most celebrated works represents Adam

J. F. WILLUMSEN

"ULTIMA THULE"

Frame in Repoussé Enamelled Copper

PHOTOGRAVURE

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waking in the shadow of a grove and seeing the newly created Eve standing and looking down at him with a curious half-scornful glance. This picture is owned by the Museum of Copenhagen; the *Repos des Modèles*, by that of Gottenburg. Another of these best painters of the school is Johan Rohde, who renders Danish, Dutch, and Italian landscapes with equal sympathy, his twilights, as in his *Pier at Hoorn, Holland*, in the Exposition, possessing a great charm of calm and silence and subtile harmonies. Viggo Pedersen, one of the younger painters, has spent much of his time abroad, and has sought to restore to favor Italian landscape; but his good color qualities are impaired by a heaviness of touch that is not usual among these artists, and which appears also in the serious work of Christian Philipsen, animal painter.

Pedersen, Philipsen, Paulsen, the brothers Joakim and Niels Skovgaard, Zahrtmann, Engelsted, and some others, founded in 1891 an Art Union, known as "The Free Exhibition," a rival of the official Salon near Charlottenborg, where their works might be shown without being subjected to the criticisms of their elders. The brothers Skovgaard are the sons of the landscape painter Peter Christian, who died in 1875, and who painted the Danish scenery, preferably under a steely gray, clear light, and with a species of formal preciseness that was not without charm. His two sons were at first greatly influenced by their father's naturalistic methods, but have broadened their horizon by foreign travel, in Italy and Greece, and have introduced a decorative treatment and classic traditions. Joakim is also well known for his religious subjects, treated in an original and semi-decorative manner, with ornamental frames in carved wood, touched up with gold and color. Both brothers are, moreover, distinguished artists in ceramics. Other, and very different, manifestations of this anti-naturalistic movement, of this effort to attain a larger method of conception than that of the older painters, are furnished by the work of the two Christiansens,—in that of Paul, if not in his simple and forcible rendering of tree masses in his landscapes, at least in his figure pieces

with subjects taken from old legends, the great poets, and the writings of the Fathers of the Church, and in that of R. Christiansen by his admirable semi-caricatured scenes of popular life, as in the two in the Exposition,—the very appreciative elderly feeders in rows at the official banquet, and the delighted rush of the honest people to welcome their prince at the county fair. Among these reactionaries, rebelling against *plein air* and all that it implies, are counted Mr. and Mrs. Slött-Möller and J. F. Willumsen—the latter with more justice than the first two. Harald Slött-Möller, with a talent as a colorist, began as a portrait painter, in which line he was more successful than he has been later in his decorative and semi-decorative work, as in his *Three Women* at the Exposition, graceful, delicate, but a little thin, both in conception and treatment, neither decorative enough nor realistic enough. The talent of his wife is still more uncertain, notwithstanding the extravagant laudation which has been bestowed upon her work,—she has been accepted as taking up worthily the translation of the old Danish ballads in painting, after their rendering in the illustrations of Frölich and of Niels Skovgaard. In some of her figures,—as in that of the dazed young girl, Agnete, reappearing in the village church after her life with the Merman,—she secures a curious originality and force of expression; but in the great majority of them she fails,—as in her *Adelil the High-Souled*, at the Exposition, in which it is difficult to see anything but an indifferent model badly posed. The explanatory legend attached to this painting is as follows:

"The Duke Frydensborg loved Adelil, the king's daughter, but the king caused him to be assassinated. The ladies in waiting of the princess took his heart and made of it a dish, which they presented to Adelil. When she learned the character of this 'singular dish which made her heart shiver,' she ordered a page to bring her wine. With a tragic gesture she carried the cup to her lips, in memory of her well-beloved,—and her heart broke."

But the most courageous and most original representative of this reactionary movement, the representative of that extreme modern (possibly decadent) "mysticism," and "symbolism," which seems to be necessary

P. WILLUMSEN. DANS ARKTISK LANDSKAB (ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE)

in every well-regulated contemporary school of painting, is Willumsen. Of the more important of his two very queer pictures at the Exposition, the following explanation, considerately given in the catalogue, is absolutely necessary to any comprehension thereof:

"The images disappeared, and I found myself on the edge of an abyss; I saw before me a mountainous landscape in the extreme North, sombre and majestic, covered with eternal ice and snow, uninhabitable by man. It was under the impression left by this vision that originated the pictures constructed in relief. The figures of the relief on the left represent those who, with a firm will, seek through science and through reason to find a bond between the infinitely great and the infinitely little.

The relief on the right represents, on the contrary, those who have no aim in life. The frame carries on top a decorative representation of a mirage of the same chain of mountains which is painted on the picture (the reliefs are executed in enamel upon copper)."

This work of art is, very appropriately, named *Ultima Thule*. The artist began as a naturalistic painter, but a journey to Paris put him in possession of "many a mysterious formula." His versatility, and his importance in the contemporary national school, may be judged from this appreciation of him by M. Leclercq: "J. F. Willumsen's vision of beings and things is somewhat marked by caricature. It is an ironical calmness which has admirably observed and rendered the awkward or pretentious attitudes, the commonplace gestures, wherever his observation has extended, whether in the streets of Spanish cities, in Breton villages, in the Danish provinces, or even in Copenhagen or Paris. We may cite as an example an *Interior of a Lavatory in Paris*, in the Museum of Gottenburg, which is a masterpiece of genre painting. Willumsen at present occupies himself with works of decorative sculpture, monumental and ceramic, and also with architecture. His works are always marked by strong characteristics,—perhaps a little hard."

Of the many excellent painters of landscape, too numerous to be all mentioned here, one of the first to attain distinction in combining natural scenery with the careful observation of good animal painting was J. T. Lundbye, who died in 1878. The modern animal painters, of cattle and horses, are Therkildsen, Petersen Mols, Otto Bache, and Philipsen. Bache is represented in the Exposition by a battle scene, and Mols by an evening landscape and two studies for a marine subject, the launching of a life-boat. The veteran, Vilhelm Kyhn, the doyen of the Danish painters, who has preserved that frankness and sincerity which characterized the older artists, appears here with three pictures; and one of the most talented of the painters of interiors, Vilhelm Hammershöj, whose canvases are declared worthy of comparison with those

CARL-JOHAN BONNESEN

IN THE TIME OF THE HUNS

PHOTOGRAVURE

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of Pieter de Hooch, with eleven,—studies of figures, of landscapes, of interiors of houses, little courtyards, etc.

The classic traditions which Thorvaldsen inculcated in sculpture, maintained for a period by his pupil and assistant, H. V. Bissen, who died in 1868, and, less strongly, by the younger Bissen, Vilhelm, and by A. W. Saabye, seem to have well-nigh disappeared. The present generation of sculptors is generally dismissed by the commentators as having produced nothing original, with the exception of Willumsen and, perhaps, the Norwegian sculptor Stephan Sinding, residing in Denmark. The latter is not represented in the present Exposition; visitors to that of Chicago in 1893 will probably remember his *Captive Mother*, nude, kneeling, her hands bound behind her back, and stooping forward to give her breast to her baby lying on the ground. This work, his most original one, had received the Grand Prix at the Paris Exposition of 1889. Vilhelm Bissen's classic motives are represented by such figures as his bronze statue of a huntress in the Exposition, and his other statue of a half-draped Greek girl painting a design upon a vase; Saabye's, perhaps, by his nude *Susanna*, of the Exposition of 1889. Willumsen's two busts in terra-cotta in the Exposition, of *War*, and of himself, while somewhat less startling than his paintings, are, on the whole, more acceptable, with their angular forms and mediæval suggestions. Among the representative sculptors of the more conventional younger generation are Aarsleff, Brandstrup, and Bonnesen; the most noticeable of their works here is the latter's large statuette group in plaster of an exceedingly ugly Hun carrying off on his horse a young Chinese or Tartar girl. Another good equestrian figure to be seen in these galleries is the *Before the Race*, of Carl Mortensen; of the portrait busts and figures, one of the most simple and dignified is the statue of the poet Oehlenschlaeger, by Julius Schultz. The painter Kröyer is also distinguished as a sculptor of portrait busts,—to the Chicago Exhibition he sent no less than five, but to the present Exposition only one, of Professor R. Bergh. Schultz, it is to be noticed,

is credited with having endeavored to introduce into this art the same superior Parisian technical methods which Kröyer and Tuxen imported into painting, and at the same period. One of his most characteristic works is a vigorous group of Adam and Eve. Jerichau, who died in 1883, while repeating the classic themes of Thorvaldsen and Bissen, sought to infuse into them stronger emotions, a more melancholy sentiment. The greater number of the important commissions for monuments has been awarded to the veteran Stein, represented in the Exposition by a fine old academic group in bronze of the shepherd Faustulus carrying the infants Romulus and Remus.

THE ART OF HOLLAND

Internationalism in art is as yet practically unknown among the Dutch painters; all the modern movements and tendencies which ravage other schools and ateliers, from Finland to Chili, fail at the frontiers of this kingdom of meadows and canals. Occasionally, one or two of these self-reliant artists are touched by something not peculiarly of Holland, as the mysticism of Matthys Maris, residing in solitude near London, or the "symbolism" of Jan Toorop, born in the Dutch Indies; or one of them,

as Kaemmerer, frankly goes over to the Parisians,—and falls from grace in so doing; but these instances are very rare. Even the modern "intensity," of which we have seen so much elsewhere, and which might be supposed to be particularly sympathetic to these delineators of the simple and the intimate, of the life of the humble, is far removed from their landscapes and seas, from the cabins of their peasants and fisher-folk. The qualities which have distinguished the painters of Holland for the last twenty-five years, still distinguish them and set them apart,—the sense of the essential and intimate qualities of things, the close appreciation of nature and of the communion of the hearth-stone—even the most familiar or the most humble, the search for real excellence and nobility of effect, rather than for greatness, profusion, or richness. As painters of the qualities of skies, weather, and atmosphere, they are unrivalled; and their indifference to all other pomps, of nature and imagination, is surprising. A law unto themselves in all things, they have—with a very few recent exceptions of younger men scarcely known abroad—remained entirely uninfluenced in their painting of effects of light by the theories and practices of the extreme Impressionists (sacrificing depth, form, modelling, textures, values, suavity, serenity, and, generally, beauty, to the decomposition of light), but have retained the older view of it as a flood of something silvery and limpid, which assumes infinite shades and modulations as it passes over the various local colors and planes of the objects illuminated. These voluntary restrictions and limitations have, naturally, resulted in a certain apparent monotony of style and treatment, with which they have been reproached; they are accused of having the vision of painters who see very sincerely, but without subtile penetration. Their leader and great exemplar, Josef Israëls, has been described, even by his admirers,—and not entirely without reason,—as being a mannerist and sometimes a sentimentalist, with a very decided vein of prose in his composition. In common with all his followers,—and his influence, in conjunction with that of Jacobus Maris, is said to be evident in the works of even the

FRÉDÉRIC-HENRI KAEMMERER

DOMINO

FACSIMILE WATER-COLOR

most *intransigeant*, such as Toorop, Veth, and Witsen,—he is declared to be wanting in imagination, and to confine himself to a most limited horizon. That Individualism, the tendency toward which is asserted to be the distinguishing characteristic of the nineteenth century,—eminently so in art,—has been modified by this school of painters into a demonstration of the individualism, the common life, of communities of men in connection with the land they inhabit. But, as generally understood, it seems to have been but little comprehended by Heer Israëls, if we may judge by a remark of his, quoted by one of the most recent historians of this school: "You are always obliged to be the son of some one, and it is better to draw your inspiration from a great artist than from a mediocre one."

As to whether this admirable contemporary school is a lineal descendant of the illustrious Dutch painters of the seventeenth century or not, opinions differ,—it has been asserted that what would have been a revolution in other countries was here no more than a process of evolution, and also that it is a revival which might almost be called a new creation rather than a re-creation, so curiously does it differ from the art of the past in its aspect of life and nature alike. However this may be, there is a general consensus of opinion as to dates and leaders, the latter being chiefly Israëls, and Jacobus Maris, as we have already said, and the period of the formation of the new school of painters being between 1860 and 1880,—the year of the first dawn, so to speak, 1857, corresponding with the beginning of the new movement in Dutch literature with Multatuli. It seems that it was not entirely unforeseen,—the French writer Thoré, writing in this year, of an exhibition of pictures at Manchester, England, at a period when Dutch art was in its feeblest and most conventional condition, foretold its future development: "We may, perhaps, soon be obliged to draw a line between the art of the future and that of the Renaissance; just as an entirely new era began after the art of antiquity had passed away." The state of this art at this period

may be inferred from Professor Muther's description: "In the beginning of the nineteenth century, so far as anything was produced at all, they [the Dutch painters] had fallen into heavy and labored imitation of French Classicism, slightly touched with a trace of Romanticism in close *mésalliance* with the Dutch phlegm"!

In 1830, the national landscapes and figure-pieces—historical, anecdotic, romantic, etc.—were those which the rest of Europe was turning out; the influence of the neighboring Belgians contributed somewhat to raise the standards of the succeeding generation,—some of the names of which will be still remembered, Van Schendel, Hermann Ten Kate, and most especially Johannes Bosboom, the painter of church interiors, whose works still appear among the collections of the moderns, as at the Paris Exposition. The transition to the new order of things was somewhat gradual; the title of Israëls's picture at the Exposition in Paris in 1855 was, *The Prince of Orange for the first Time opposing the Execution of the Orders of the King of Spain.* Two years later, in the Salon of 1857, he was represented by *Children by the Sea* and *Evening on the Beach*, both of them simple, direct studies in the neighborhood of Katwyk. He is asserted to have been originally influenced by the French Millet, but of this there appears to be no proof; his art has been defined as "purely emotional," and he, himself, as "a keen observer of character," "a true psychologist," "a poet," and "a perfect craftsman." Born in 1824, at Groningen, his early ambition was to be a rabbi, and his first studies were in Hebrew and in the Talmud; at the age of twenty, he went to Amsterdam, and entered the atelier of Jan Kruseman, then a fashionable painter. In the following year, he made a journey to Paris, placed himself under Picot, an old pupil of David, and presented himself for entrance in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts with a probationary drawing of *Achilles and Patroclus.* In 1848, the year of revolutions, he returned to Amsterdam, saturated with the traditions of *la grande peinture*, and began to exhibit *Aaron discovers in his Tent the Corpses of his Two Sons; Hamlet and his*

Mother; Prince Maurice of Nassau beside the Body of his Father, and similar works. Zandvoort, the little fishing village near Haarlem, to which he was soon afterward compelled to go for his health, proved to be his road to Damascus,—here he found his true vocation. When he returned to Amsterdam, he began to produce the works which have since made him famous,—at first with somewhat too evident a demand upon the sentiments,—*By the Mother's Grave*, purchased by the Amsterdam Academy of Arts, and now in the National Museum; *The Cradle* and *The Shipwrecked Man*, exhibited in London in 1862. The genuine pathos of some of his later pictures, as the *Plus Rien*, or the *Alone in the World*, he did not manifest till later. In 1863, recognized and prosperous, he married the daughter of an advocate in Groningen, and settled down, first in Scheveningen, and then at The Hague, to express himself in those canvases filled with "familiar peace and lyrical melancholy," which he is still producing at the age of seventy-six. At the Paris Exposition, where he has received a Grand Prix, he is represented by a *Return from the Fields*, and a very good example of his more subtile work, the study of an old curiosity shop, with a medley of objects in earthenware and copper, and the old proprietor sitting dejectedly in their midst. This last canvas has been loaned by the Museum of Amsterdam.

Jacobus Maris returned from Paris at the period of the war of 1870, to share with Israëls the glory of leading in the renaissance of the national art; in the French capital he had studied in the atelier of Hébert, but had apparently been much more influenced by the French landscape painters of the day, especially Diaz and Daubigny. He was born at The Hague, in 1838; his father, an Austrian, was a painter, and his two brothers, Matthys and Willem, divide with him the glory of the family name. Matthys is reckoned as all but outside the national school, so peculiar and individual is his talent, which produces both figures and landscapes, "and dreams more often than either." His landscapes are a species of dim and beautiful visions of the face of nature, his figures—not too exact in their

delineation—have much the atmosphere and the color of old legends. According to Muther, "the hereditary Teutonic passion for mediæval mysticism" broke out in him, modified by the influence of Holland, his father's adopted country, so that his mystical tendencies, at first at least, were controlled by the faculty of observation. But, "by degrees reality lost its grip on the painter, and his visions grew mistier, gaining at the same time in lonely grandeur. Yet, the more he tried to evade reality, the stronger a certain sensuousness seems to hold him in its grasp." Jacobus and Willem are represented in the Exposition, though the former died, at Carlsbad, in August, 1899; posthumous exhibitions of his works have been recently held at Amsterdam and The Hague, and, in the latter capital, the *Kunstkring*, artists' club, gathered together and placed on public view a collection of the works of the three brothers a few years ago. They began by possessing many traits in common, the first pictures by Matthys suggest those of Jacobus, and the design of Willem bore a strong resemblance to that of his brothers. But their paths soon diverged, and their respective individualities have defined themselves all the more clearly as years have gone by. "Whilst Willem fixes upon the canvas the well-lit landscapes of Holland and its crowded herds, with a palette at once rich, fervent, and delicate; whilst Matthys paints '*pas la couleur, rien que la nuance*,' Jacobus, powerful and convincing, after having disengaged with an incomparable science and skill the distinctive features of a figure or a landscape, reunites them in a marvellous synthesis, thus demonstrating anew the admirable saying of Flaubert, that 'Truth is attained only by generalizing.' . . . His brother Matthys had begun his career by works somewhat hard, suggesting Holbein; but, a dreamer, delicate and subtile, more a poet than a painter, he abandoned this first manner, in order to develop on the canvas his inward visions in images light, almost immaterial, like wreaths of mist carried along by the wind, and an indefinable charm disengages itself from this living and penetrating poetry. His canvases, as few in number as they are beautiful,

H. W. MESDAG

RETURN OF THE FISHING BOATS

PHOTOGRAVURE

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to-day command high prices. And, lastly, Willem, a brilliant virtuoso in color, brings together in his rich and virile compositions the fat pasturages and the vigorous animals of his native land."

Jacobus painted landscape and genre with equal success, but it was not until after his return to The Hague from Paris that his talent began to manifest itself strongly. He saw Holland with more discerning eyes, says M. Thiébault-Sisson, his impressions were more vivid and more enlightened, and, as his technical education was well completed, he was able to render them with a gradually increasing mastery, which seemed to culminate about 1880. Nevertheless, at The Hague his pictures at first were not much appreciated because of their novel tendencies; it was not until his countrymen had become aware of the great reputation they were beginning to enjoy in England and in America that they discovered their true value. In his designs, etchings, water-colors, and paintings, he rendered with equal facility marines, meadow lands, interiors, typical figures, and portraits,—among the last, the *Violin Player*, a portrait of his son, was one of his most famous, but his favorite subjects were the flat pasturages and the picturesque windmills against the sky. These he painted at all hours, and under all conditions, singly and in groups, in twilights and in wintry solitudes, and always with their true physiognomy, their peculiar character and interest. At the Paris Salons he exhibited regularly from 1862 until 1872, and after that at irregular intervals. In 1884, he received an Honorable Mention, and at the Exposition of 1889 a gold medal for the five pictures by which he was represented. At the same Exposition, his brother Willem was awarded a silver medal. The museums of The Hague and Amsterdam possess examples of the works of both painters; at the present Exposition, Willem, and Willy Martens, are members of the international jury, and consequently Hors Concours. They are each represented by a single picture; Jacobus, by two, one of them a *Windmill upon the Ramparts*, rising against an ever-shifting gray, luminous sky, and the other, a study of shell-fish seekers. Willem sends

one of the most characteristic of his landscapes; and Martens, a figure piece, two peasant women at a well, in the leafy shade of the trees, while the baby, seated in the grass, endeavors to get both his fists in his mouth at once.

The painters of genre and of portraits are usually lumped together by the historians of this contemporary school as all working contentedly, at first at least, under the inspiration of Israëls; but as failing, all of them, to equal that master in power of creation and largeness of execution. Chief among them are Artz, Blommers, Kever, P. de Josselin de Jong, Willy Martens, Van Papendrecht, Offermans, Briët, De Haas, Rochussen, Henkes, the brothers Oyens, and others. Martens, born in Java, of Dutch parents, is a member of the Legion of Honor, and Hors Concours at the Salons; in his case, as in that of many of the others, it can be said that the ways are not those of Israëls; and it is certain that many of these artists interest us less. But this sympathy in their aims leads to a closer bond between the younger generation and the older than is usual in other lands, and those irreverent attacks upon ancient and well established reputations, so common in other schools, are all but unknown in Holland. Adolf Artz, who died at The Hague, in November, 1890, was a pupil of Israëls and of the Academy at Amsterdam, this education being supplemented, and possibly sophisticated, by a residence of eight years in Paris,—though it is related that Courbet, to whom Israëls gave him a letter, refused to receive him into his own atelier, and advised him not to go to any other. A large, jovial man, always on the best of terms with himself and the world, very popular among his fellow artists, this painter seemed to feel himself constrained by his environment to paint the national themes, peasant life, the interiors of dusky cottages, of orphan asylums and poor-houses, sometimes of death chambers, and—notwithstanding his talent, and the indiscriminating laudation which is still bestowed upon his works—the thinness of his sympathy is visible through his good painting. In 1881, he was elected President of the Pulchri Studio,

the Hague art club, and in the same year became a governor of the Hague Academy of Arts; in 1889, he represented Dutch art as President of the Netherlands section of the Universal Exposition at Paris, and, out of sixty members of the Jury des Récompenses, of all nationalities, he was chosen vice-president, Meissonier being president.

Blommers, who received a bronze medal at that Exposition, is represented in the present one by a landscape, *Summer*, radiating light; Kever, similarly rewarded, by an interior, *The Morning*, the uncertain light, penetrating doubtfully, very well rendered. In this present year, Blommers has been awarded a gold medal, and Kever, a silver one; the other recipients of these honors are, for the gold medals, Breitner, Mesdag, and

Weissenbruch, and for the silver ones, no less than a dozen painters. Among the latter are Josselin de Jong, probably the strongest portrait painter in the country, whose vigorous brush presents with equal sincerity of expression royal heads, workpeople, and laborers; and Briët, born in Java, whose interior in the province of Gelderland, showing the housekeeping arrangements of a young family, with a most picturesque display of plates, spoons, and other utensils, is in the best traditions of this school. Of the other illustrious painters of genre and of portraits cited above as among the most widely known of the disciples of Israëls, Gerk Henkes, a pupil of the Antwerp Academy, and Van Papendrecht are the only ones represented in the present Exposition,—the former by a grave family council. His earlier work concerned itself mostly with misty views on the canals, through which the slow *trekschuiten*, laden with passengers and baggage, trailed, drawn by horses. Jan Hoynck van Papendrecht, graduate of the Academies of Antwerp and Munich, belongs to the younger generation of painters who occupy themselves occasionally with such exceedingly alien themes as military subjects, and even battles. Chief among these are Breitner, and Isaac Israëls, the son of Josef; they are called "New Impressionists," without much reason,—they desire to express something more vehement, more disturbing, than the art of their elders, to break up the quiet communion of the interiors, the peaceful, intimate calm of the landscapes, with a wind of the great world of human passion and worldly show outside. But they are not very noisy; their Impressionism is a long way from the usual French article; even in the battle scenes—as in this spirited one by Van Papendrecht, the capture of a convoy by hussars in a woody defile at Sprottau, in May, 1813—they generally preserve a most careful regard for the conventional artistic qualities, the tonality, the composition, the total absence of the extreme modern realism. Usually these few military subjects are of peaceful manœuvres, reviews in cities, or marches of horse artillery across the downs. The design and composition become more alert, while

JAN HOYNCK VAN PAPENDRECHT

CAPTURE OF A CONVOY BY THE 11TH HUSSARS AT SPROTTAU, MAY, 1813

PHOTOGRAVURE

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remaining equally skilful; the knowledge displayed of that unusual animal, the horse, is equal to that of their elders concerning the much more familiar cattle and sheep.

These more conservative *jeunes*, as the French call them, are not to be confounded with a more radical group which has formed under the leadership of Augustus Allebé, and which goes in for extreme mysticism and other things. But they are all "very independent," says Philippe Zilcken, "notwithstanding the socialistic tendencies of certain among them, without any very definite ties to bind them together; equally strong in their convictions and equally enthusiastic in their art. Differing in this from the painters who have preceded them, they seek, before all else, for the note of originality,—from which it ensues that they are much discussed, and sometimes but little comprehended. One of the first among them, certainly, as much by age as by talent, is Georges Hendrik Breitner, a robust Impressionist, with a rich and complete palette, whose eyes note with marvellous quickness, and retain, all the colors, all the variations, however subtile. He delights in perpetuating the many aspects that present themselves of the views of Amsterdam, whether it be when, under a gray and lowering sky, the hasty pedestrian treads down the snow soon to be soiled under foot, or whether, in the fine and ceaseless rain, the yellow lanterns of the tramways reveal with their uncertain light the anxious and careworn faces of the crowd. Like him, Isaac Israëls, the son of Josef, who made a brilliant début, some fifteen years ago, with his military subjects, is endowed, in addition to very great natural gifts, with an unusual ardor of industry." Breitner, who apparently is not represented in the present Exposition, was awarded a silver medal at that of 1889 for three characteristic pictures, entitled respectively, *A Meeting*, *A White Horse*, and *A Negro*. Young Israëls, who has only a Mention Honorable (in 1885) to his credit in the Paris Salons, exhibits here a winter street scene in Amsterdam. Among this particular group of the younger men, more than among their sedate elders

and their more "intense" confrères, may be found representatives of that phase of the art of Holland which takes cognizance of the brightness, the elegance, the opportunities presented for refined draftsmanship, in the national life.

Among the older artists, whose names now form a portion of the history of the Netherlands, Bosboom, the painter of church interiors, and Weissenbruch, painter of canals and windmills under gray or blue skies, exerted an influence on the younger generation by their own susceptibility to the modern movement. Bosboom, though dead, is represented in the present Exposition by two pictures, of a Protestant temple at Haarlem and of a synagogue. In these bare and gray interiors, of stone and wood and plaster, he contrives to introduce a warmth, a clearness, and a beauty of color, that have inspired many of his younger compatriots, not to imitation of subject and technique, but to broader and more sensitive conception of their color and tone. A brilliant colorist, one of the few among these painters of tones and values, is Christoffel Bisschof, who loves to render golden sunshine pouring into enclosed spaces, brilliant costumes and draperies, studies of still-life lit up by the bloom of fruit, the lustre of rich stuffs, and the glitter of polished and precious metals. Albert Neuhuys, in his interiors and family scenes, preserves more, amid the richness of his tones, the justness of their respective values. Jongkind, who died in 1891, was a pupil of Isabey and Schefhout, and settled in Paris; as early as 1864, the French critics were comparing him to Corot, and of the Salon of 1882 Edmond de Goncourt wrote: "One thing strikes me, and that is the influence of Jongkind. All the landscape painting of any value, at the present day, is derived from this painter, borrows from him its skies, its atmospheres, its lands. This is perfectly evident, and is not said by any one. . . ." He painted street scenes in Paris and Rotterdam, landscapes in Holland and the Nivernais, but was constantly depressed by pecuniary cares, and declared himself to be the most unhappy of men. The same tendency

to mental depression, aggravated by severe attacks of neuralgia, was characteristic of the more generally recognized Anton Mauve; "he would sit in his studio in utter dejection, declaring that his talent was dead," says a recent biographer. And yet, few sensitive and delicate painters have been more appreciated by the general public and the dealers than this one; in the latter years of his life commissions flowed in upon him so steadily that, as he felt, himself,

he was obliged to work too rapidly. As has been the case with several of these Holland painters, his merit was recognized by his own countrymen only after it had been proclaimed in other nations, particularly in England and America. Though restricting himself nearly always to minor tones, to subtile harmonies with the highest accents in silvery and luminous grays, Mauve is entitled to equal honor with Israëls for his essential qualities of analysis and penetration which enabled him to perceive the inwardness, the intimate nature, of outward objects. In his painting, he was governed by the principle said to have been Corot's: *D'abord le ton, puis la couleur.* Though it is some dozen years since his death, his name is still one of the foremost in this contemporary art.

Mesdag is asserted to be a Realist, an Impressionist, and one of the few first-class marine painters in the world. It is said of him, quite truly, that, while his robust talent enables him to portray with true artistic power certain aspects of sea and sky, nearly always threatening or troubled ones, the pause before the storm or the tumult after it, the gloomy clouds, the mounting waves, the tossing boats,—even to conveying the impression of the salt, wet air itself, that his range is comparatively limited, and that there are very many aspects of the ever-changing element of which he has no knowledge. The son of a merchant and banker, he abandoned commercial life for that of the studio and the seashore only after the age of thirty-five, and then at the instigation of his wife. Classified with him and Bisschof, among the Realists, as distinguished from the "sensitive Impressionists," by some of the critics, is Bisschof's pupil, Klinkenberg, represented at the Exposition by two views on canals as they traverse cities, Rotterdam and Leyden,—bustling, commercial situations in which it may be doubted whether the most poetic of painters could discover a soul, a delicate, brooding, intimate suggestion. A not dissimilar scene, treated in a much broader, more atmospheric manner, is the view in Rotterdam, by J. H. van Mastenbroek, of that city. Among the figure pieces, one that has been especially selected for admiration by the Parisian critics as being "a little marvel because of the fineness and the excellence of the observation, the precision of the design under the breadth of the handling and the harmony of the color scheme," is the *Fisherman's Return*, by P. Rink, of Amsterdam. On the contrary, one that particularly excites their displeasure is the life-size figure of a lady in a black domino, by that old-time favorite, Kaemmerer, which is accused of being a mere "chromo" to attract the popular favor. This painter, however, has so long been a Parisian that he has lost his nationality as entirely as has his illustrious countryman Alma-Tadema. No review of this contemporary school would be complete without mention of Mlle. Thérèse Schwartze, justly popular at home and abroad; and who

ALB. NEUHUYS

AN INTERIOR

ETCHED BY XAVIER LE SUEUR

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has increased her popularity at the Exposition by her portrait of the Boer general Piet Joubert, "solid, calm, and so well in accord with the character of the sitter." Mlle. Schwartze, says M. Zilcken, has "an attractive grace worthy of the English portraitists of the eighteenth century, made heavy, however, by her German origin and the influence of Lenbach." Other authorities also give her Lenbach for a master, but in the official French catalogue of the Exposition she is recorded as the pupil of her father. Member of the Jury at the exposition of Amsterdam in 1883, she was awarded a silver medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889, and another at the present one.

Of the younger men who are grouped under the leadership of Allebé,—the latter having abandoned the practice of his profession, in order to assume the directorship of an academy,—the most important probably is Derkinderen, a decorator inspired by the mediæval art, not entirely uninfluenced by Puvis de Chavannes, but preserving a very distinct individuality of his own. Jan Veth is a psychologist, in spite of his hard technique, which recalls that of the old German masters; not unlike is Haverman, both of them excelling in portraits; Van der Maarel and Willem Witsen are more unquiet, more poetical, in their constant search for the illusive. The most widely known of all these is Jan Toorop, whose father was a Norwegian, and his mother the daughter of an Englishman and a Japanese woman. His art is accordingly varied, at times influenced by Israëls and Maris, and again by Renoir and Monet, but generally sufficiently original,—whether in his portraits and landscapes, strongly individual, and frequently good in color though eccentric in treatment, his etchings and dry-points, generally too mannered and too determinedly-ingenuous, or his "symbols" and "mysticisms," in which impossible and most abstruse themes are presented with a wild affectation and mannerism of design which promptly brings them down to the level of the absurd. These, however, are usually treated with great respect in the contemporary publications upon current exhibitions and manifestations.

In etching, engraving, and even in lithography, the art of Holland fills a much more important rôle than in sculpture. Ch. Storm von S'Gravesande was one of the first to revive etching in the present day, and his plates are known to all collectors; about 1870, Israëls, Maris, and Mauve did some excellent work; and within the last ten years, the younger artists, chief among whom is Bauer, have distinguished themselves. The sculptors, on the contrary, are very few in number; of the original, national school, the existence of which is asserted, but very few traces remain. At the Exposition, seven are represented, the most interesting work being contributed by Ch. van Wijk, Texeira de Matthos, and Mlle. Bosch Reitz.

THE ART OF BELGIUM

The Belgians claim that in their own country the manifestations of the national, contemporary art are more numerous, persistent, and crowned with greater success, than in any of the neighboring nations. Even within the last two or three years has this development been marked, they say. This is due to a variety of causes; the material prosperity of the little kingdom, visible in the extraordinary activity of commerce and manufactures, far from affecting injuriously the development of the graphic

and plastic arts, has apparently favored their expansion; in social life, art assumes more and more a preponderating influence; it may be said to be one of those great forces which set in motion all the wheels of the national activity. Even the limited territory of the State cannot diminish the results achieved,—the increasing size and wealth of the public collections; the expansion, in architecture, of a new style, enfranchised from all the formulas and the traditions of the schools; the springing progress of painting and sculpture toward an ideal liberated, once for all, from all old reminiscences; the new and enlightened direction taken by the minor arts of decoration and furnishing. All these happy indications of substantial progress upon the right road exceed even the hopes that might reasonably be entertained. The consideration in which this art is held abroad is testified to by the visit made in 1898 by M. Léonce Benedite, Conservateur of the Museum of the Luxembourg, during which he inspected the leading ateliers and collections of the country, and even purchased a considerable number of works for the French Government.

It is, indeed, this enthusiastic progression toward an ideal completely emancipated from all the musty old traditions, good and bad alike, which strikes the disinterested observer as the principal characteristic of the art of the day. Nowhere is "modernity," or the *mouvement vingtiste*, to adopt the local phrase, more in evidence. "The XX," or "*Le Vingt*," was the very independent society established in 1884 by an advanced guard of painters and sculptors, and which has been succeeded by the present *La Libre Esthétique*, the representative Belgian art society of to-day. Nowhere has the spirit of revolt against the old and established been more aggressive than here; the Belgian painters, "thirsting for independence," have comprehended, better than any of their professional brethren elsewhere, that art must effect its escape from all rules, from all routine; that to develop, it must be Free. Their modern history is but a relation of a series of struggles, under various banners, against all the

ALFRED STEVENS

THE ATELIER

PHOTOGRAVURE

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leagued forces of ancient prejudices and of academical and scholastic error. Naturally, the new, Free, Æstheticism thus developed has but little in common with the old; the Modern painting is no more in sympathy with Rubens than it is with Van Dyck, with Breughel the elder than with Van Eyck; but, with a certain lack of logic, and of just discernment, the new movement is complacently accepted as a continuation and natural development of the old, and the enthusiastic admirers of the paintings of Laermans and the sculptures of Jef Lambeaux hail these productions as revivals of the illustrious and "robust" Flemish art of the sixteenth century. The independence achieved has been much too complete to have spared some of the fusty old baggage that might possibly have better been preserved, and it certainly appears that the trumpeters of this new order of things, who include most of the contemporary, periodical, French and Belgian writers on modern art, have rejected so much that they have not left themselves with a due amount of discretion. In abjuring certain shibboleths they have adopted new ones; and in fleeing from one bondage they have tumbled into another.

The boundaries of this new school, however, are exceedingly comprehensive, and take in Baron Leys and Clays, as well as the most extreme of the moderns. The merits of the great Antwerp historical painter are fully recognized, by some at least of these intransigeants; like Gallait, he was one of the very first to emancipate himself from the conventions of the schools of the day, and he restored the breath of life and of nature to the rendering of the scenes of the past. "Contemporary art," says M. Camille Lemonnier in his *Histoire des Beaux-Arts en Belgique*, "was shaken to an extraordinary degree by this dissident, who spoke so clearly the language of the illustrious predecessors, with an untrammelled eloquence and with, as it were, the sinews of a language antique and rude, which had been long unlearned." To the "mannered elegancies of the Latin people" he opposed a vigorous and angular construction of his figures, a naturalness and rudeness in their action,

"the dogged, red-haired heads of his soldiers, the placid and indolent countenances of his bourgeois with eyes the color of faïence, lost in perpetual nostalgias, and, to sum up, the sensation of a dreamy race, slow to action, but determined, which makes but little display of fleshly beauty and preserves its esteem for mental energies." The art, "concentrated and sober," of Baron Leys is thought to be preserved in the work of the contemporary painters, Henri de Braekeleer, Charles de Groux, and Xavier Mellery,—all three of them quite distinct from the extreme moderns. It is interesting to find an English critic, Mr. F. G. Stephens, admitting that Leys, Clays, and Van Marck were inferior in the quality of Style, so apt to be lacking in his own insular art, only to the great French landscapists: "One and all, these painters seem, judged by their works, to have lived, so to speak, in larger rooms, to have breathed a loftier atmosphere, and to have had more extensive views than any but the very ablest of our English masters, the productions of several among whom are conspicuously wanting in that sense of largeness and freedom which is thoroughly characteristic of the higher ranges of Continental studies in design."

Paul-Jean Clays, who died in February, 1900, was also a revolutionist, and therefore considered to be entitled to enrolment in this contemporary school; born in 1819, he found himself living in a period when marine painting, it also, was under the sway of the bourgeois platitudes and melodramas, and was consequently compelled to represent only terrible tempests, wild skies, jagged rocks, in extraordinary colors, and without too much regard for nature. This was the style inculcated by his master, Gudin; but Clays, a phlegmatic Fleming, preferred the calm yellow seas and gray skies which he actually saw from the dunes of his own country, and found his reward for this sincerity and strength in an appreciative public. Though his methods are now considered as somewhat dull and monotonous, and though others, as Jongkind, excelled him in variety and in execution, his name is still held in honor.

From these painters to Constantin Meunier is a far cry; and in the character and the works of this painter and sculptor may be found the principles of this modern art. They are well set forth in a recent article by M. Thiébault-Sisson, in the Paris *Temps:* "In the sense of humanity which fills him, in the pity for the humble with which he overflows, he sums up all the aspirations of our day, he is the generous impulse of our souls, and this impulse has so much the more power in that it is of an absolute sincerity, as testified to by the intentional simplicity of the motifs, and the absence, in the execution, of all emphasis. The technical excellencies, in return, are exceptional,—a perfect equilibrium in the masses, a marvellous solidity of construction, a modelling in which the large planes give the impression, above all, of strength, but which is capable, in reality, of all delicate shadings, movements natural and true, the instinctive nobility of the forms brought into relief by the justness of the attitudes. Moreover, there is nothing conventional in all this; nothing which proclaims, in any manner whatever, the methods of the past; nothing which has not been recast in the inward flame and recreated. Neither is there the slightest charlatanism. The working out, like the inspiration, is loyal. If Meunier, as an experienced artist, does not say everything, if he practises at certain times a self-sacrifice, he considers, none the less, that sculpture tolerates in nothing the uncompleted. It proscribes no less the careless than the useless." His biographers give us some details of the development which fitted him for this work with its social bearing; as a child he was ailing, and fond of solitude; an aunt reports that he wept every evening, "he was the Jeremiah of the family." From his earliest years he was miserable,—"destined, as he was, to be the painter and sculptor of universal human misery. Constantin Meunier's work is in truth a hymn to misery." He loves "to study sorrow and suffering,—that is to say, human life such as Fate has made it." His pictures "might be supposed to represent some accursed land under a sinister sky, the dark and terrible visions imagined

by Dante on the road to Hell." "These founders, these puddlers, these hammerers," says another, "melancholy Cyclops, these women of the people with hard faces, with eyes full of sadness and resignation, come to increase the multitude of beings which the artist has already shown to us in the hell of 'the Black Country,' crushed by a ferocious destiny." Well may an English critic lament "his somewhat wild and cruel conception of the Beautiful."

To this theory and practice of art, he brought, nevertheless, some sound convictions. In his opinion, the first quality of form is intensity, nothing is so fatal as being devoid of meaning; this form is not to be regulated by fixed principles, by any preconception of rigid accuracy or of perfection that can be defined by canons; it is inductive, not deductive. In his practice, he very rarely adopts the monumental style, though his figures are generalized, given a character of strength and of suffering which is thought to impress upon them a sort of savage grandeur, an accent more purely Northern, the French think, than their own. But the result is, it is acknowledged, that his miners and laborers "appear to be crushed by their own efforts, fatigue has reduced them to the condition of machines; no longer, scarcely, is there any light in their dimmed eyes, within their narrow skulls there appears to be no longer room for anything but the tenacious will to live and the necessity of struggling to live. They resemble somewhat that old mine horse, which is perhaps the artist's masterpiece." This is not much like Baron Leys's renderings of "the sensation of a dreamy race, preserving its esteem for mental energies;" not much like the breadth, the scholarship, the inspiration, the mental and æsthetic adaptability, of good art; M. Meunier's conception of Humanity, notwithstanding the justness of some of his artistic convictions, does not seem to be even intelligent pessimism, and his art, even within its own narrow and morbid range, is not true to the spirit and facts of the very few things to which it confines itself while vaunting itself as a new Evangel.

GUSTAV-MAX STEVENS

THE ANNUNCIATION

PHOTOGRAVURE

More of these qualities of "our own times," of "this overflowing life which makes the work palpitate," of "this verity which it expresses," if not of "the instruction which it imparts, without rhetoric, with a tranquil and incoercible strength" (*vide* M. Octave Maus), may be found in the groups of Jef Lambeaux, a younger but equally typical sculptor. His qualities, or rather those which are claimed for him, can be better set forth in the very words of his admirers than in any paraphrase. Says M. Sander Pierron, "his love for the human forms, for the beautiful, virile, and subjugating forms, connects him with the antique traditions. He is a Pagan, and nothing charms him more than life under all its aspects. His fine gray eyes reveal all the ardor of his pantheism, and they proclaim intimately his belief in everything that vibrates and in everything which moves him. . . ." "If our seventeenth century had produced sculptors, as it did produce painters, Jef Lambeaux would be perhaps less great, less original, in that he would be their continuer. And to-day he fills the rôle which would have filled, under Albert and Isabelle, a sculptor living by the side of Rubens or of Jordaens, and equalling them with his chisel. He is a lover of Matter; he willingly calls himself a realist, and, when he has conceived a project, imperiously impelled to execute it, he makes no pretense to symbolism, and never does it occur to his mind to impregnate his marble or his bronze with philosophy. It is, indeed, but little that he cares for that, Philosophy, and he is perfectly convinced that those who produce theses in the shape of statuary are either the incapables or the led-astray. . . ." "And thus his entire work realizes his hope, and it is among the characters to whom his brain and his thumb have given birth that he would wish to live, if they were animated with a real life of blood and muscles. For, the spiritual existence has nothing with which to seduce the sculptor, and what can anything matter to him from the moment in which he sees the bodies luxuriously straining, shaken by spasms, magnified by secret ardors, or yielding under Titan-like efforts? The soul has nothing to see

here. . . ." As will be seen, "life under all its aspects," is here considerably modified. This connection with the ancients is also affirmed by M. Maus: "—the robust statuary who transports into the work in marble and bronze the color and the movement of the Flemish masters of the Renaissance, of Rubens and of Jordaens. . . ." On the contrary, all of the old Flemish art that appears in these works, in the *Baiser, La Folle Chanson, L'Ivresse, Les Passions Humaines* or *le Calvaire de l'Humanité*, is the exuberance, the abounding life and vigor, the grossness—the last much exaggerated, and these are supplemented by a self-consciousness, an artistic poverty, a vulgarity, which are distinctly of this "modern" school. When *L'Ivresse*, three huge drunken naked females,—otherwise described as "a hymn to the Flesh, to the sensual flesh, into which we would wish to bite with our teeth as into a beautiful ripe fruit,"—was first exhibited, at the Salon of Brussels in 1893, and at Paris in the following year, the sculptor was promptly labelled as "The Michael Angelo of the Gutter."

Nevertheless, the group was exhibited, in Paris under the invitation of Puvis de Chavannes, purchased by a collector on the day of the opening of the Salon, and it procured the sculptor the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Like all his works, it is a wonderful piece of modelling; all the technique of his handicraft is at the finger ends of this artist. His greatest work, on which he has expended a vast amount of labor and skill, is the immense panel of the *Human Passions*, crowded with a tumultuous throng of naked figures in very high relief, and of which a fragment, *La Séduction*, appears in the Exposition. Of his three other works shown here, *Imperia* is a large bust of a woman, excellent in its rendering of the fleshy qualities, and the *Triomphe de la Femme*, a group larger than life, and very realistically treated, in which a naked, gross, and mature woman struggles violently in the grasp of a faun. Constantin Meunier, distinguished alike as painter, draftsman, and sculptor, is represented in the Grand Palais only in the latter class, by a bronze

statue of a mower and by the most important monumental work which he has produced, a high relief in plaster of a harvest scene, the half-nude reapers advancing with a certain rhythmic movement.

Of the painters foremost in this modern school, the names most representative are Eugène-Jules-Joseph Laermans, Henri Evenepoel whose very recent death is still deplored, and Léon Henri-Marie Frédéric, with—at the extreme pole of contrast—that of Fernand Khnopff, mystic and dreamer. Laermans's name is coupled with that of Breughel, because he paints, solidly and in a sombre key, peasants and workpeople, generally ugly,—but the resemblance goes no farther, and scarcely so far. His "disinherited" are rendered with certain mannerisms—such as the great length of stride, caught from the instantaneous photograph—which

frequently border on caricature; his theme is still that of human poverty and misery, as exemplified in the lives of the People and in the ranks of Labor. His two pictures at the Exposition, *The Blind Man* and *The Drunkard*, are excellent representatives of his work, and are both very original and rather distressful paintings,—in the first, the beggar, in his sabots, and with his wallet on his back, is striding along the road over a bridge and a causeway, led by a half-grown girl, and into a strange and cloudy landscape; in the second, the tipsy father is conducted home from the tavern over a bridge in the snow by his wife and two small children, grotesque in their misery. Seen alone, these pictures have a distinct strength of expression, but an acquaintance with his other canvases, with their variations of the same theme and the same methods, tends to shake our faith in the artist's sincerity. In his strange and violent color he is peculiar, even among his confrères.

A very different style in this revolutionary painting of the poor is that of Léon Frédéric, whose two most important works are the *Ages of the Laborer*, now in the Luxembourg, and *Le Ruisseau*, dedicated to Beethoven, one of his three exhibits in the Exposition. Both of these are large triptychs, crowded with figures brought down into the most extreme foreground, painted in very hard, clear colors, with that search for "realism" in the types which results in exceeding ugliness. An English critic, who does not appear to be an admirer of this school, thus described one of them at the Salon of 1898: "In spite of the ability and thought in M. Frédéric's *Ages of the Laborer*, the affectation of emphasis of outline, of playing with what should be the immaculateness of conformations, and of the absurd neglect not only of values, but of planes, amount to something more than *parti pris*. We have here the decadent Belgian *in excelsis*—another proof of the futility of deliberately seeking for defects and exaggerations, and courting such limitations as, in the case of Ford Madox Brown, were beyond the painter's control." In *Le Ruisseau*, the waves of Beethoven's rivulet are transformed into an

JUNIOR-WILLIAM LINNIG

THE DEMON OF PLAY

ETCHED BY C. T. DEBLOIS

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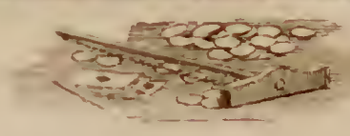
Ed.d by C.T. Dobbin



innumerable multitude of naked children, dancing, embracing, strewn in the pools like corpses. More of this *candeur savante* appears in other of his works, in the peasant girls scouring milk-cans under the trees; in the two designs and the painting, *Moonlight*, at the exhibition of the Libre Esthétique in Brussels the past winter. One of the most recent acquisitions of the Luxembourg is a portrait group by Evenepoel, three Spanish figures, hard and black against the sky, painted much in the manner of the Spaniard Zuloaga, with whom, indeed, the young Belgian artist was intimate. One of his latest pictures, left unfinished, is a large scene of Sunday promenaders in the Bois de Boulogne, rendered, as are nearly all his Parisian studies, with a suspicion of caricature both in the presentation of the types and of the color and atmosphere. Steinlen, Raffaëlli, Toulouse Lautrec, Manet, and Velasquez have all been cited as appearing in his work; the large, full-length portrait of the painter Iturino, all in black, cloak, hat, and beard, *The Spaniard in Paris*, promenading seriously against a gray background of Montmartre with the red Moulin Rouge, shown at the Exposition, is a very serious, dignified work, displaying very solid qualities as a painter,—as do some of his other portraits. The "mystic" of this modern school is Jean Delville, whose *Amour des Ames*, a large upright panel painted with egg, appears at the Exposition, also from the last exhibition of the Libre Esthétique. In this picture, two emaciated naked figures, male and female, "extremely pure in design," but indifferently drawn and very mannered and awkward, float upward in a conventional water-spout from an allegorical sea in ultramarine and chrome-yellow. Also represented by a single picture is James Ensor, a colorist endowed with an "*ironie macabre*" and a humor sometimes compared to Hogarth's, but also, particularly in his designs and etchings, a symbolist of the most modern and extravagant type.

Fernand Khnopff commenced in sympathy with this search, or this intuition, for the intimacies of life, with this peculiar sensitiveness to the most subtile shadings of character or emotion, which is part of the creed

of this school, but he has departed widely from the methods, and now strives to render these impalpable, evanescent things through the medium of symbols, not always sufficiently clear. His works are said to suggest those of the English Pre-Raphaelites; their technique is justly said to be a trifle thin. But in this delicate, refined painting, in the delicacy and refinement of his imaginings, in his feeling for beauty, scorned by his fellows, he differs from them so completely that it is somewhat surprising to see him lauded in the same paragraphs that praise Lambeaux and Laermans. He has been one of the frequent exhibitors at the Parisian Society of the Rose ✠ Croix; of his three pictures at the Exposition, the largest is *A Blue Wing*, which suggests a study by Alma-Tadema,—the draped young girl with the mystical gesture, the beautiful antique marble head of Hermes, with the one wing remaining tinted blue. *Incense*, on the contrary, is mediæval,—the spiritual significance, if there be any, does not much matter. Khnopff is a pupil of Xavier Mellery, who himself was given to the representation of classic and allegoric themes in a curiously modern decorative fashion, as well as to painting interiors in the island of Marken.

The Grand Prix of the Exposition was, however, given to none of these enterprising younger men, but to Alexandre Struys, who may be said, generally, to resemble them in nothing, although his themes, also, deal with the dramas of the life of the humble,—as in his three interiors here shown. But in his case, the science of a first-class painter, admirable in color, in tone, in draftsmanship, concerning itself with no new fads whatever, is supplemented by a simplicity and sincerity of pathos that are most moving. In the *Consolation to the Afflicted*, of the Salon of 1897, in a carefully painted little cottage kitchen with its row of trim dishes on the mantel and on the dresser, the good parish priest sits with his hand on the knee of the mourner, speaking words of consolation, while she buries her face in her apron held in both hands in a very ecstasy of weeping; in the *Désespéré* of the Exposition, owned by the Museum

of Ghent, the little, solemn procession of the Church, carrying the viaticum, passes into the darkened inner room of the dying. All those fine sentiments of humanity which the modern school claims for itself are here displayed, with none of the morbidness, the straining for effect, the resolve to be novel at any cost. Equally sincere, accomplished, and unconcerned with the overthrow of Academies, is the art of the sculptor Charles Samuel, whether shown in such simple themes as his group of three heads of young children or the very distinguished group of *Ulenspiegel et Nele* for the monument erected at Brussels to the memory of the Flemish romancer, Charles de Coster. Of the painters who concern themselves with painting sunlight, the *luministes*, the most distinguished is Emile Claus, an intelligent Impressionist, who is said to assume that color has no value of itself, that the local tones are constantly modified; others are Georges Buysse, Léon Valtat, the late Guillaume Vogels, Franz Courtens, Maurice Blieck, and Victor Gilsoul. The second Grand Prix has been awarded to the veteran Alfred Stevens, who is here represented by eight of his canvases, most of them familiar to the public, and recently seen at his exhibition in the Paris Ecole des Beaux-Arts,—one of the most important as a composition being the handsome *Atelier* scene. His brother, the late Joseph, also an excellent painter, devoted himself largely to the representation of animals, dogs, and horses, and their human companions and attendants. His *Dog with a Fly* here is quite admirable. Very different themes inspire M. Gustav-Max Stevens, as may be seen in his *Annunciation*, not entirely unconnected with the Italian Primitives, and glowing in color and gold.

Hippolyte Boulenger, Fourmois, landscape painter, and Jean Portaels appear to have been the leaders who prepared the way for the new art movement. Among the disciples of the latter were Emile Wauters, historical painter, and Isidore Verheyden, landscapist, and to the liberty of initiative which he allowed them was largely due the founding of the *Société libre des Beaux-Arts*, in 1868. To promulgate their principles a

journal was established, *L'Art libre*, in 1871, the predecessor of *L'Artiste*, and of *L'Art moderne*, the latter still in existence and combating vigorously at "the advanced posts." A little later, the progress of realism in painting brought about the discovery of light and air, and the struggle was renewed over this question. One of the first of the reformers was Constantin Meunier, with him was his master De Groux, his elder brother Jean-Baptiste Meunier, the engraver, who taught him to draw, Louis Dubois, a colorist, Louis Artan, a marine painter, Alfred Verwee, an animal painter, Smits, Barron, and Bourrée, other painters. Their progress was not very rapid; one of the bitterest contests was waged over Charles Hermans's *In the Dawn*, of 1875, a painting setting forth the distress of the honest workman, going to his daily toil, at seeing a fashionable profligate issuing tipsily from a fashionable resort with a smart-looking young woman on each arm,—a picture that would not now be thought to be very full of *plein air*. After the *Société libre*, came *La Chrysalide*, then *L'Essor*, and, in 1884, *Les Vingt*, replaced to-day by the Libre Esthétique, the annual exhibitions of which, in Brussels, bring together a varied collection of works of art from home and abroad, in all materials and processes, without adherence to any particular formula. "Nothing is barred but imitation, mercenary repetition, and the servile recasting of Old World types, to which the decay of our State schools is owing," says M. Maus, to whom, as the secretary of the Vingt in the heroic days of struggle, very much of this success of to-day is considered to be due.

The encouragement of the industrial arts is counted as one of the most valuable features of these exhibitions, and these arts have received organized support from other sources. Near the close of the first *Salon* of the Libre Esthétique, in March, 1894, a new society was organized, having for object "the application of the arts to general industry, and their adaptation to daily use," the general development and teaching of the applied and minor arts. The society of young artists of Antwerp known as *De Scalden*, now some ten years old, has just devoted its annual

EUGENE-JULES-JOSEPH LAERMANS

THE BLIND MAN

Loaned by Madame Waedemon

PHOTOGRAVURE

exhibition to Applied Art for the third time, and is endeavoring to secure the admission of these objects of industrial art to the Salons of the Beaux-Arts organized in this city with the aid of the municipal and State authorities. The Libre Esthétique, however, does not command universal allegiance,—the Société des Beaux-Arts of Brussels is conducted on much more conventional lines, or, as M. Maus puts it, is devoted to an art "at once pompous, traditional, and official, saturated with conventionalities, smelling of the Academy and of aristocratic boudoirs." The exhibitions of *L'Art Idéaliste*, exclude all tendencies except those which are subordinate to tradition, hold Puvis de Chavannes, Gustave Moreau, and Burne-Jones in high honor, and see in Impressionism the enemy. The number of minor organizations is considerable,—the club *Pour l'Art*, is composed of young painters who consider Flemish painting as the model to be imitated, though they admit sculpture also to their exhibitions; those of *Le Sillon*, on the contrary, take the precursors of the modern movement in France, particularly Courbet, as their guide, and seek their inspiration more in museums than in nature; those of *Labeur*, the most recently organized, aim to study directly from nature. Exhibitions of works of art are also held regularly at the *Cercle artistique* and the *Maison d'art;* the Belgian Society of Water-Colorists, of Brussels, celebrated its fortieth anniversary by an exhibition at the Musée de Bruxelles in the spring of 1900, though in the early autumn of this year a new association, the *Société Nationale des Aquarellistes et Pastellistes de Belgique*, opened its first exhibition in the same building; there is a *Société des Aquafortistes Belges;* a Belgian Society of Affichophiles, just organized for the purpose of facilitating the exchange of artistic posters among collectors; a Royal Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts at Ghent, which has just held its thirty-seventh exhibition, etc., etc. Brussels proposes to open an exhibition of the works of the Flemish painters, from Van Eyck to Bernard Van Orley, that shall rival the recent Van Dyck exhibition in Antwerp; in the same capital, extensive additions are being made to the Musée des Echanges,

a museum of comparative, international sculpture, not unlike that of the Trocadéro; the great mural paintings on the *escalier d'honneur* of the Hôtel de Ville of Antwerp, inaugurated on the opening day of the Van Dyck fêtes, are considered to supplement harmoniously the similar works by Hendrik Leys in the great Salle de Réception. In all these evidences of artistic enterprise, sculpture plays a much less important part than painting.

THE ART OF SWITZERLAND

The historians of Swiss art begin at the beginning,—with the oath of the Perpetual Alliance, sworn in 1291, and with the meeting in the Rütli meadow in 1307, when the men of the Forest Cantons resolved to expel the Austrian bailiffs, or *landvögte*, but they are obliged to pass very rapidly over the next four centuries in order to arrive at any definite manifestations. The successful war for independence left behind it in the nation many evils, an overweening pride, an undue respect for titles and privileges, miserly and covetous traits; the great defeat of Burgundy,

while enriching them, quite destroyed the ancient spirit of the men of the Leagues. With the Reformation came civil war, persecutions and butcheries, but the Huguenot cantons prospered by the arts and industries introduced by the refugees from France. In the seventeenth century, the nation was renowned principally for the valor of its mercenary soldiers in the employ of foreign nations; and at home, in the larger cantons, the government became more and more concentrated in the hands of a few aristocratic families,—the peace, in the words of the historian Zschokke, brought about "the decomposition of the old Confederation." At the outbreak of the French Revolution, the popular discontent was widespread; in 1798, Switzerland was seized by the French; the triumph of the Revolutionary doctrines, the overthrow of the *conseils secrets*, the *chambres secrètes*, seemed assured, but the excesses of the soldiers, the sack of the treasury of Berne, and other outrages, turned the current of public indignation. The recognition of national independence by the Peace of 1815 was followed by thirty years of struggles between the liberal party and the Ultramontanes, in attempts to expel the Jesuits; the adoption of the *Constitution fédérale* of 1848 is considered to have been the final flowering and perfecting of the ancient Perpetual Alliance.

In the midst of all these turmoils, the arts were never quite forgotten; by a decree of 1799, the Helvetian Directory, on the proposition of Stapfer, Minister of the Arts and Sciences, instigated by Escher of Zurich, recognized the necessity of forming a central collection of works of the fine arts. But the war, the invasion, the restoration of the patricians in 1815, postponed any action, and the negligence of the federal authorities permitted the dispersion of objects of ancient workmanship, of all kinds,—libraries, articles of furniture, stained glass, were sold at auction, at inadequate prices, and carried away, as in the case of the celebrated altar-screen of the church of Basle, now in the Cluny Museum. This was but one symptom of the general indifference to the arts which characterized this period

EUGÈNE GIRARDET

THE HOUR OF PRAYER, AT BOU SAÂDA

PHOTOGRAVURE

of material development, of reform of the monetary system, of unification of weights and measures, construction of roads and canals, establishment of telegraph lines, and laying out of railways,—none of which would have been feasible under the arrangement of 1815. The greater number of the few artists of the country expatriated themselves, seeking in France or Germany or Italy that encouragement denied them at home; among the most illustrious of these was Jacques-Alfred Van Muyden, the doyen of Swiss painters, who died in May, 1898, at the age of eighty. A few preferred to take their chances in their own country, as Fr. Simon and Barthélemy Menn; of these, one or two, as Diday, maintained themselves by wilfully lowering the standard of their art to meet the tastes of their compatriots. "Ignorant"—says a Swiss writer, Daniel Baud-Bovy—"of the marvels which their ancestors of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries had created; of the traditions perpetuated in the upper valleys of their mountains by the constructors of the chalets, the furniture makers, the rustic potters; forgetting their own great artists, Holbein, Friess, Manuel, Graf; satisfied with their political and social organization so hastily put together, the Swiss, for the greater part,—and agreeing in this with the opinion which their neighbors held of them,—considered themselves, not without a secret feeling of pride, as a people not adapted to the subtleties, to the 'futilities,' of art, as capable only of being interested in the economical results obtained by science, of devoting themselves only to agricultural labors, of perfecting themselves in the good government of themselves. Certain writers, particularly Rambert, after Tschudi, sought nevertheless to reawaken in them the love for the beauty of their mountains, of their lakes; Tœpffer, in his *Menus Propos*, revealed to them the primordial importance of the æsthetic sentiment; Barthélemy Menn sought to cultivate their taste by showing them the canvases of his French confrères, Rousseau, Corot, Daubigny, and established, notwithstanding all opposition, his admirable system of instruction; Alfred Van Muyden created the permanent exhibition of the Athénée;

Diday even bequeathed to the city of Geneva a fund for aiding young artists,—and savants, historians, archæologists, collectors, began to interest themselves in the unfortunate dispersion of the national antiquities, in the history of Swiss painting, architecture, and the decorative arts."

Among the most efficient of these was Professor Salomon Vœgelin, who, about 1880, inaugurated the movement against the further scattering of the artistic treasures of the nation, and insisted upon the importance of establishing a national museum of the arts. At the national Exposition, held at Zurich, he, with the assistance of M. Angst, organized the section of the ancient art of the country; and the interest which it excited was so great that, upon renewing his appeal, an annual grant of fifty thousand francs was appropriated for the purchase of historical antiquities. Eight years later, largely owing to the efforts of M. Angst, the founding of a national museum was decided upon, and the locality selected was Zurich. To-day, it rises, a large and imposing building, on the "Spitzpromenade"; the architect, M. Gull, in his effort to resume in its construction the characteristic styles of the national architecture, has created a restoration of one of the great ecclesiastical edifices of the Middle Ages, half monastery and half fortress, enlarged by numerous successive additions, and bristling with spires, bell-turrets, and watch-towers. In the interior, a vast collection is arranged in chronological order by an admirable system of classification adopted by the director, M. Angst, and his assistants, and one which is calculated to not only exhume the buried past, but to restore it and revive it for the appreciation of an intelligent public. Equally zealous and efficient in this organized movement to demonstrate the existence of a veritable *Art suisse*, has been a young architect, Albert Trachsel, who, in various publications, in 1890, and in 1896 on the occasion of the national Exposition at Geneva, has set forth the many reasons, ethnographic, geographical, and social, for the existence of this national art,—"one and individual in its general lines, in its *spirit;* extremely varied and diversely influenced in the exterior form of its manifestations; frequently

German, French, or Italian in its aspects, but truly *Swiss* in its intimate structure, in conception and in sentiment." Still another of these co-workers was the landscape painter Albert de Meuron, a pupil of Gleyre and of the Düsseldorf Academy, who died at Neuchâtel in 1897, and who took a great interest in the development of art in that city, founding a museum and instituting the bi-annual exhibitions.

Thanks to all these intelligent efforts, Switzerland to-day is endowed with an "art movement" of her own, quite like her big surrounding neighbors, and every Swiss city of importance is proud to count a certain number of resident artists among its citizens, and to display a greater or lesser amount of interest in their work. Basle celebrated, in September, 1897, with great pride, a double fête in honor of her two most illustrious sons, Holbein, and Arnold Böcklin,—the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of the first (probably at Augsburg), and the seventieth of the last, and with considerably more enthusiasm, it was thought, for the contemporary artist, honored by all Germany, than for the great master of the sixteenth century. The exhibition of Holbein's works, however, was not very complete, consisting of a few of his pictures from the museum and from public and private collections, a selection of wood engravings, and a number of photographs of his canvases, methodically

classified by epochs,—a display not to be compared with the exhibition held in his honor in Dresden in 1871, filled with works of the first importance gathered from all sources, and at which the authenticity of the Darmstadt Madonna was definitely confirmed. Böcklin's work is almost unknown in France, he never having exhibited in Paris but once, it is said; and the ingenious Parisians surmise that this may have been due to his consciousness of the incompatibility with their brilliant and sensitive culture of his "renderings of the mysterious and profound dreams that haunt the Germanic soul." However this may be, his influence upon contemporary Continental art is undeniable, and not to be diminished even by the extravagant phrases of the literature *bœcklinienne*, at home and abroad. He has been called "the Botticelli of the nineteenth century," as Botticelli was "the Böcklin of the fifteenth;" and this statement has also been gravely promulgated: "There has been one great man for every century, Leonardo in the fifteenth, Dürer in the sixteenth, Rembrandt in the seventeenth, as Böcklin in the nineteenth." The anniversary of his birth, October 16, 1897, was also celebrated in Germany; in Munich, the enterprising journal *Jugend* caused a medal, bearing his profile, to be struck in commemoration of this Jubilee.

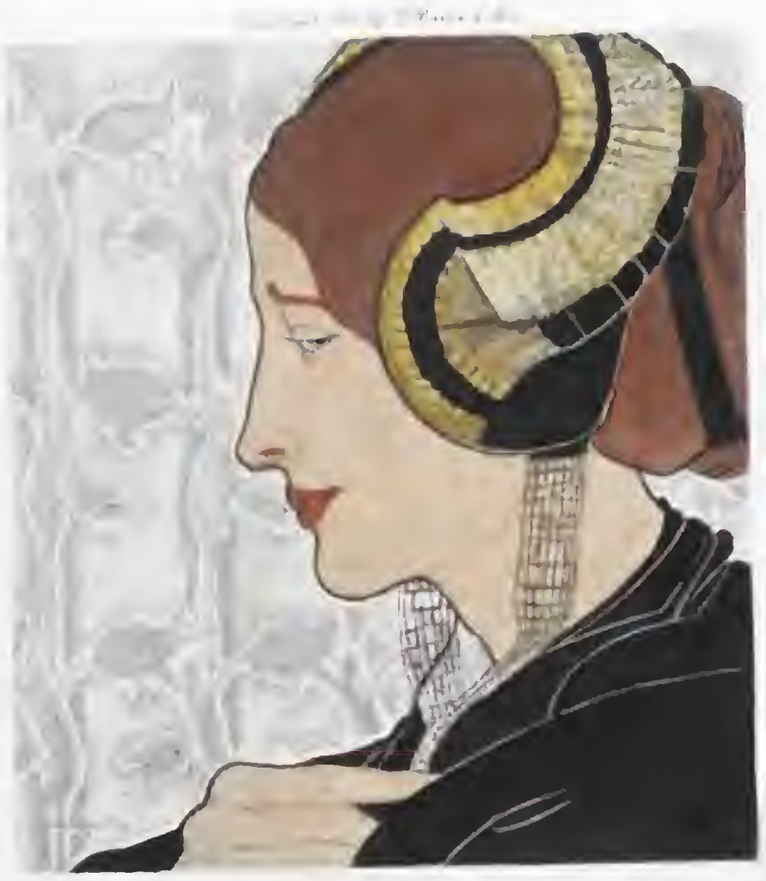
After him, it is thought, the chief of the school will be his fellow townsman, and pupil, Hans Sandreuter, the most distinguished of his disciples, and also, unfortunately, the most closely imitative,—more imitative than genuine in feeling apparently, in whose facture the tremendous color of his master, distracting at first, is replaced by vigorous touches, broadly applied, and frequently somewhat cold in tone. In the Exposition, where he is Hors Concours as member of the Jury, Sandreuter is represented by four canvases, two landscapes and two small compositions, *La petite fontaine de Jouvence*, and *Il Decamerone*. The latter undertakes to picture the scene of the bathing, on the sixth day of Boccaccio's famous story-telling, on which the ladies were conducted by Donna Eliza to the beautiful Ladies' Valley, which she had discovered. Another of

FERDINAND HODLER

THE NIGHT

PHOTOGRAVURE

these painters of Basle is Ernest Stüchelberg, who has recently resumed the practice of his art after a long interval; in his versions of familiar themes he sometimes softens their tragedy by a graceful touch, as in his *Sappho* at the Exposition, balancing herself on the edge of her Leucadian rock, and sometimes emphasizes the menace concealed under their seeming beauty by some such rendering as that of the red light of the sky behind the cliffs lighting up cruelly the faces of his *Sirens*, in the same gallery. Among the good landscape painters whom Basle counts among her sons, and whose works appear at the Exposition, are William de Goumois, Charles-Henri Jeidels, pupil of Gervex and Roll; Hans Lendorff, of Lefebvre and Benjamin-Constant; Charles-Théodore Meyer, educated in Munich; Emile Schill, and Ernest Waldmeier, pupil of Boulanger and Lefebvre. Of the figure painters, there are here, Wilhelm Balmer, pupil of Von Lofftz; Hans Garnjobst, of Gérôme; and Albert Höflinger, of Bonnat, Lefebvre, and Tony Robert-Fleury. Berne, disappointed in obtaining the National Museum, proudly set up, at her own expense, on the Kirchenfeld, an historical museum of the canton, enriched by the donations and legacies of the public-spirited patrician families. Her representative painter, Albert Anker, has no pictures in the Exposition, though he is Hors Concours at the Salons and officer of the Legion of Honor; but her reputation is well sustained by one of the most original painters of the thousands here gathered, Ferdinand Hodler, pupil of Barthélemy Menn, and who has been awarded one of the Exposition gold medals. Of his three pictures here exhibited, the most startling is the oblong canvas entitled *The Night*, hung high on the walls, and in which the very original subject and composition are set forth with a startling hardness and directness,—"an eloquence dry and bitter," it has been called. A more conventional painter would have enveloped this allegory, or synthesis, of the night-time, with its repose, its quietness, its unquietness, and its terrors, in atmosphere and mystery; but, in spite of the opinion of the critics, it may be doubted whether the work would



not have lost in impressiveness by the apparently more logical and more artistic method. Much less interesting is the painter's companion picture, *The Day;* his *Eurythmy*, a procession of old men in white robes, is a strong study of individual heads. It is somewhat remarkable that he appears to be the only painter born at Berne who figures in these galleries.

Neuchâtel, also, is apparently represented here by only a single painter, Mlle. Berthe Bouvier, pupil of Lefebvre and Benjamin-Constant, who exhibits a pastel, very pleasant in color, *Repose;* but this city has other illustrious citizens,—Paul Robert, painter of sylvan scenes, flowering meadows and such, and who has decorated the Fine Arts Museum with three large frescoes which have had the honor of being much discussed; and another decorative artist, Clément Heaton, whose vast mosaic, seventy mètres square, *L'Histoire et la Poésie en face des Ages*, is destined to ornament the façade of the new museum in Berne. Still another museum is that which a generous bequest has caused to be erected in Vevey, on the shores of the Lake of Geneva. This city appears in the Grand Palais with three painters, two landscapists, Ernest Burnat and Edmond-Henri-Théodore Palézieux—the latter a pupil of Laurens and Cormon, and whose study of a misty Brittany landscape is one of the good landscapes, and Adolphe Burnat, who sends a water-color of a church interior. There is also Madame Marguerite Burnat-Provins,

possibly the sister of one of the former, since she dwells at the same address, and who paints curious, semi-decorative heads, with an affectation of the methods of the Primitives, the best of the three here being the interesting *Profil à la coiffe*. But apparently much the most fertile nursery of the arts in Switzerland is Geneva,—the number of painters whose names appear in the official catalogue as having first seen the light in that city is no less than twenty-four, and of sculptors, five, while several others, born elsewhere, reside within its walls. Here, indeed, the movement of the arts—in the encouragement of which the part played by the foreign visitors is not to be forgotten—is most active; the founding of a second Musée des Beaux-Arts is practically decided; the "Cercle des Artistes" has been succeeded by the "Cercle des artes et des lettres," which has just given a first exhibition of drawings in black and white; Hodler, who resides here, has just completed a series of decorative panels for the *salle des armures* of the National Museum,—which excited so lively a controversy between the artist, the jury appointed to determine the competition, and the commission of the Museum, that the intervention of the Federal Council became necessary. The last Exposition Municipale revealed to the art lovers the work of one of the last pupils of Barthélemy Menn, the "naïf and primitive" Paul Virchaux,—represented at Paris by two landscapes, studies at Savièze; to the Athenée, which he founded, the city has lately added an important contribution of a number of the works of Van Muyden. Another of the pupils of Menn, Auguste Baud-Bovy, recently deceased, is considered to be one of the most distinguished of the city's sons,—a landscape painter, surnamed *le chantre de la montagne*, he excelled in the representation of a certain calmness and serenity in nature, the limpid light bathing the lofty summits. A frequent exhibitor at the Salons,—since 1890, at the New Salon,—he was created chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1893. Two of his landscapes may be seen in the Grand Palais; but of two other painters, cited with pride by these local historians, the Exposition has no example,—these are

Ed. Reuter, who brought from England to his natal city the latest developments in the new arts of decoration, and Louis-Etienne Duval, who, in his scenes on the Adriatic and in Egypt, "evokes in landscapes of noble aspect the limitless horizons, the long lines in cadence, the grave mythology, of the visions with which he had intoxicated himself on the banks of the Nile."

So many more of these Genevese painters are good landscapists that it is impossible to notice them all here. Among those whose works adorn the Paris Exposition may be mentioned Mlle. Pauline de Beaumont; Hippolyte Coutau, pupil of Menn, Lefebvre, and Benjamin-Constant; David Estoppey, another of Menn's pupils; Albert and Filippo Franzoni, both trained in the Royal Academy of Milan; Albert Gos, whose *Night in the Alps, Mont Cervin*, is declared by at least one competent critic to be of a "*poésie grandiose*"; Daniel Ihly; Frédéric de Morsier, who does winter scenes in water-color with great spirit; Jacques Odier, pupil of Harpignies; Louis Patru, pupil of Menn; Alfred Rehfous, pupil of Menn, Constant and Cabanel, and Albert Silvestre. Among the painters of rustic life are Edouard Vallet, Paul Perrelet, Léon Gaud, who was a pupil of Menn, and Charles Giron, élève of the Paris Ecole des Beaux-Arts, first-class medal at the Exposition of 1889 and Hors Concours at this of 1900, and officer of the Legion of Honor. Of the two pictures by Gaud, one, *The Return* (*Le bonheur aux champs*), is a very fair attempt to do the rustic idyl without departing too far from the realistic,—this reaper and his young wife, passing through the pleasant, late afternoon fields, and beaming, both of them, on the sturdy baby which he balances on his arm, constitute a very good combination of the "is" and the "ought-to-be." Of the three paintings by Giron, one is a portrait, one a mountain view, and the third, one of those pleasant, semi-decorative and formal presentations of heads which are among the minor manifestations of modern art,—in this case, that of a very pretty, suspiciously pretty, young girl of the Unterwald, *endimanchée*, and showing the fair oval of

GABRIEL NICOLET

ORPHAN ASYLUM, AMSTERDAM

PHOTOGRAVURE

her face directly in the midst of the canvas. Among the figure painters there are also to be noticed Gustave de Beaumont, pupil of Menn and Gérôme, who contributes an interesting fragment of his decorative frieze for the arsenal of Geneva, and a charming little pastel portrait of a child; and Carlos Schwabe, or Carloz Zchwabe as he sometimes signs his pictures, who is the mystic, the symbolist, the Rosicrucian, the decadent, of this contemporary school, and consequently one of the most highly appreciated by the commenders of everything that is "modern" in art. Of his exhibit in the Exposition, M. Marguillier says: "We see again his illustrations of the *Rêve*, of the *Fleurs du mal*, his compositions of all kinds, a great number of them, and we see them with a new pleasure,—every one of them, and above all the purely ornamental compositions, a marvel of invention and of decorative composition." In his works, says another eulogist, "the absolute purity of the design disappears never," and these quotations might be multiplied indefinitely,—these two being given as emphasizing the peculiar aberration of these *littérateurs* in selecting for their laudation those qualities in which the artist is conspicuously deficient. His "design" is an indiscriminating borrowing, from all possible sources, from the naïveté and the angular details of the Primitives to the caricatures of his fellow decadents of the day, from Lucas Cranach to Jan Toorop, and always, *always*, with that tendency to leanness, to ugliness, to abundant and (apparently) meaningless detail, which characterizes these peculiarly modern moderns. His themes take in most of the things in Heaven and Hell and Limbo,—*Destiny*, *Flowers of Evil*, *On the Path of Virtue*, *The Green Light*, or *The Death of the Grave-digger*, etc., etc. He has never received any official recognition at the Salons, but the Exposition Jury has awarded him a gold medal.

But it is at Zurich that has been celebrated the most important event connected with the renaissance of this autochthonous art,—the official presentation, at the recent fêtes in that city, to M. A. Lachenal, representing the Confederation, of the keys of the new National Museum. At these

fêtes, which lasted two days, there was an elaborate revival of the ancient Switzerland, its costumes and its customs, "which made of the most industrial the most picturesque and the most flamboyant of cities," and which were not entirely unconnected with a certain municipal jealousy of Basle. Zurich, also, has an illustrious son, celebrated in the annals of art, the aged Rodolphe Koller, the animal painter, whose jubilee the city had also celebrated shortly before. Several of her most distinguished artists have acquired honor at the Paris Exposition, among them Mlle. Louise-Catherine Breslau, pupil of Tony Robert-Fleury, well known in the Salons, and who has duplicated her gold medal of the Exposition of 1889 with another at the present one. Her portraits are admired for their sincerity, their *savoir parfait*, and the brilliancy of their modern technique, and her figure studies are equally commendable for a feminine grace and taste that never deteriorate the capable and virile execution,—as in the *Gamines* in these galleries, the two young girls in the meadow, weary with their sport. Another of these, and another distinguished lady, is Mlle. O. W. Ottilie Roederstein, also Paris trained, and resident in that capital, who had for masters Werner and Carolus-Duran, and received a silver medal at the 1889 Exposition and another at this of 1900. Her three portraits in these galleries have all been seen before in Paris, and are declared by the French critics to be "admirable" and to be such as would have rejoiced her ancestor Holbein; her methods are very simple—to paint the head of her sitter (not always a strongly characteristic one) very large on her canvas and with the utmost sincerity and gravity, and with a care and a skill in the modelling and rendering of expression that appear to be truly founded on the example of that master, even if the results obtained be not always directly comparable with his. Of these three portraits, the best is that of a young man wearing a béret, the ugly woollen cap, round and flat, invented by the Basque peasants, but much in favor in various parts of France among young artists, peasants, and such folk. The least interesting is the painter's portrait of herself, also

wearing a sort of flat cap, with the eyes very far in the ends of their orbits in order to catch the necessary reflection in the mirror, and having much the appearance of the head of a scowling youth; the *Portrait of Mlle. H . . .* is a profile, rendered with more than photographic exactness, and with that touch of life and character that the photograph does not give. Something of the manner of the older Swiss painters may be found in the *Wedding Evening*, the only exhibit of Albert Welti, or Velti, though he now paints in Munich,—the curious ingenuity and humor of his most carefully wrought composition making this one of the noticeable pictures in this section. Other Zurich painters here represented are, Adolphe Thomann, pupil of Zugel, cattle painter; Wilhelm-Ludwig Lehmann, landscapist; Armand Hinderling, pupil of Gérôme, and Edwin Ganz, of Detaille and Blanc-Garin, figure painters.

Lausanne makes a somewhat less interesting exhibit here, but her glory lies in the fame of one of her sons, Van Muyden, born in that city in 1818, and whose biography occupies a very important space in the most condensed histories of contemporary Swiss art. He abandoned the study of law for that of art, went to Munich, and entered himself at the Fine Arts School in that city, where he received for some time the instructions of Kaulbach. Afterward, he travelled through the Tyrol and his own country, resided some time in Paris, in 1844 went to Italy, where he was long a resident in Venice, Florence, and Rome, and became intimate with a number of French artists, especially Français and Hébert. In 1855, he returned to Switzerland and settled in Geneva. The results of this most liberal education were worthy and complete. "In the immense world of reality," says M. Baud-Bovy, "three domains were particularly dear to Van Muyden, and appertained peculiarly to one of the moral sides which composed his personality. A philosopher, leisurely and spiritual, gifted with an always sensitive irony, he delighted in immersing himself in an atmosphere shaded and appropriate for the expression of all the varying tints of Italian life, a complete tumult, noisy, joyous, and full of

color. Enamored of musing and of silence, he borrowed from the siestas of the monks, from the terraces tepid in the sunlight, from the fresh and resonant refectories of the convents, the stuff with which to embroider his dream of solitude, of quietude, of gentle sensuality. And, finally, endowed with a paternal, a vibrating heart, he has given the measure of his tenderness in these *Maternities*, so suave, so happy, so naturally affecting, and which seem to sum up and amplify all the qualities of the portraitist. Then, as if to inform us completely concerning the technical knowledge, the faculties of logic and of reasoning, which permitted him such a complete freedom of expression, this philosopher, humorous, dreamy, and passionate, consecrated his latest years to the compilation of a work on perspective." He frequently exhibited in Paris, and was Hors Concours at the Salons. The three painters born in Lausanne whose works appear in the Exposition, are Fernand Gaulis, pupil of Lefebvre and Boulanger; Julien Renevier, of Piloty; and Emile Turiam, of L.-O. Merson.

Cuno Amiet, born in Soleure, pupil of Bouguereau and Robert-Fleury, secures a certain sort of Scandinavian hardness and vividness of effect, odd, but not unpleasing, by insisting upon well-nigh literal rendering of detail and local color,—as in his sick child, lying on the floor, under a beflowered covering, his head upon a check-patterned cushion, and at the foot of a tapestry landscape every feature of which is given; or in his *Richesse du Soir*, in which five peasant girls, filling up the whole canvas, wearing startling white bands on their bodices, go through a flower-spotted meadow. Eugène Burnand is one of the best known of the Swiss painters, and the gold medal of this Exposition is the second one which he has received,—apparently abandoning his studies of landscapes and cattle, he is here represented only by Scriptural scenes, drawings and a painting, as interesting and as exact as those of Tissot, without being quite so dry and cold. Even more poetic, and remarkably decorative in design and color, are the panels of Ernest Biéler, pupil of Lefebvre

HANS SANDREUTER

"IL DECAMERONE"

PHOTOGRAVURE

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and Boulanger,—one of the best being his despairing dance of the nymphs over the dead leaves of the year. Two of the most distinguished of the Franco-Swiss painters are Eugène Girardet, born at Paris, pupil of Gérôme, and Gabriel Nicolet, born at Pons (Charente-Inférieure),—the latter's picture of an orphan asylum at Amsterdam is a very skilful rendering of the familiar painters' problem of white garments and stuffs in a well lighted interior. Girardet is more French than Swiss; his two Oriental subjects are the usual well conceived, well painted, Oriental canvases of good contemporary art,—though in *The Hour of Prayer* the calm and silence of the night are unusually well expressed.

In sculpture, the exposition of Switzerland is not remarkable, and this art, indeed, occupies but a paragraph in the contemporary histories, where that of painting requires pages. Like the painters, many of the sculptors have completed their technical education in Paris (in their case, in the ateliers of some of the most distinguished French masters, including Chapu, Barrias, Puech, Injalbert, Dampt, and Rodin), and a number of them dwell in that capital or its suburbs. Many of the works here exhibited are of minor importance, plaster busts, medallions, statuettes in plaster or bronze. Among the latter, those which attract the most popular attention, and seem, in fact, to display the most character, are the animal studies of Oscar Waldmann, of Geneva, pupil of Gardet, living in Paris,—a small marble of a lion and a wild boar, lying side by side, one on the point of being devoured by the other, and six casts in *cire perdue*, of lions, tigers, and their prey. James Vibert, pupil of Rodin, exhibits in a case a number of those small articles of bric-a-brac, of table service, etc., adorned with (generally) uncomfortable nude figures, which are to-day to be found in every national school of sculpture. For more important things, there are, the *Atropos*, in marble, of Gustave Siber, pupil of Chapu; busts, more or less individual, by Mme. Berthe Girardet, pupil of Carlès; Theodore David, of Dampt; Reymond de Broutelles, of Chapu and Barrias; and A. de Niederhausren.

The great contribution of this nation to contemporary art is undoubtedly the personality of Arnold Böcklin, neither Swiss nor German, but international and cosmopolitan in that he has brought a new conception of the forces of great Nature to men's ken, borrowing the old forms of the Grecian mythology to personify them, but infusing into them a life that was previously unknown, or certainly never before made visible. The claim is quite justly made for him that his tritons, his satyrs, and centaurs and mermaiden, seem to be the incarnations of the brutal and primitive wildness of nature, real beings, quite possible and convincing to the eye, and bearing no resemblance to the academic formulas familiar to all the schools throughout the ages, nor even any but a superficial one to the original Greek. All this is indeed a great deal; and if Holbein was not born at Basle, Böcklin was.

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